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The new Professor will enter on his duties next October.
J. M. HORSBURGH, M.A., Secretary.

PRIFYSGOL CYMRU.—UNIVERSITY of WALES.

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REVIEWS.

TWENTY-ONE MINOR POETS.

A FEW weeks ago, when our shelf whereon the productions of the song-smiths of the day are stacked would hold no more, it occurred to us to give these volumes the attention that memoirs and books about cathedrals receive. So we emptied the shelf and the slim volumes were read. We found plenty of fluent, cultured, melodious verse—plenty of little birds with agreeable twitters, but no larks. The result of our labour is below. Something is quoted from each songster. We offer you, as it were, a slice from the breast. If the taste is to your palate, there is more of the bird for the asking.

By Severn Sea. By T. Herbert Warren. (Murray.)

THE President of Magdalen belongs to the reflective school of poetry. His verse is quiet, reserved, urbane; every syllable has been carefully weighed; every epithet tested; and the file has gone over all again and again. Hence we have a matured volume, as excellent as study and pains can make it. Mr. Warren certainly does not sing because he must, but because he likes to, and here are the fruits of his scholarly enjoyment. We like the book not a little. It reflects the kindly courteous temperament of a lover of good literature, of the best literary traditions, and of the West of England. There is much that we would willingly quote, but we must confine ourselves to these stanzas from his address to the author of *Lorna Doone*:

"Prose poet of the fabled West,
Ere school and railway had begun
To fuse our shires and tongues in one,
And equalise the worst and best.

While Devon vowels fluted yet
By Dart and Lynn their mellow length,
While flourished still in Saxon strength
The consonants of Somerset.

Your Exmoor epic fixed the lines
That lingered on bycombe and tor,
And in the hollow vale of Oare
You found a matter for your muse!

The brigands' den, the prisoned bride,
The giant yeoman's hero mould,
Who fought and garrulously told
The Iliad of his country side:

You bade them live and last for us
And for our heirs, as caught erewhile
The Doric of his rocky isle
Lives in your loved Theocritus."

Selected Poems from the Works of the Hon. Roden Noel. With a Biographical and Critical Essay by Percy Addleshaw. (Elkin Mathews.)

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"What is the grey world, darling,
What is the grey world
Where the worm is curled, darling,
The death worm is curled?
They tell me of the spring, dear!
Do I want the spring?
Will she waft upon her wing, dear,
The joy-pulse of her wing,
Thy songs, thy blossoming,
O my little child!

I am lying in the grave, love,
In thy little grave,
Yet I hear the wind rave, love,
And the wild wave!
I would lie asleep, darling,
With thee lie asleep,
Unhearing the world weep, darling,
Little children weep!
O my little child!"

Rhymes of Ironquill. Selected and Arranged by J. A. Hammerton. (George Redway.)

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"FEAR YE HIM.

I fear Him not, nor yet do I defy.
Much could He harm me, cared He but to try.
Much could He frighten me, much do me ill,
Much terrify me, but—He never will.

The soul of justice must itself be just;
Who trembles most betrays the most distrust.

So, plunging in life's current deep and broad,
I take my chances, ignorant—unawed."

And he can write thus:

"LOVELY WOMAN.

And as around our manly neck she throws
Her dimpled arms with artless unconcern,
And kisses us and asks us to be hern,
And pats us on the jaw, do you suppose
That we say 'No,' grow frightened on the spot,
And faint away? Well, we should reckon not.

Young man, come West! you've got a lot to learn."

Ironquill's verses are unequal, but the best are of sound workmanship, and have in an unusual degree qualities of good sense, sympathy, and dry humour.

Love's Fruition. By Alfred Gurney, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

IN a former book Mr. Gurney, vicar of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, attempted "to expound and glorify friendship." Here his theme is the "marriage mystery," its marvels and meanings. His verse is of excellent intention, and that is all. The vicar of S. Barnabas was happy in his marital relations; but he is no poet, and despite his slim search-light of song, the "marriage-mystery" remains for us unsolved; but he is modest, and if his muse does not arouse enthusiasm, it is a well-behaved muse. Here is a specimen:

"To love aright is to enhance
Life's loveliest significance;
What shall the gathered harvest be
When hearts embrace eternally."

Ephemer. By J. M. Cobbett. (Oxford: Alden & Co.)

MR. COBBETT is one of those poets who are inspired by EVENTS and PROMINENT PERSONS. This is the opening of Mr. Cobbett's sonnet to the Czar:

"Now God be with you, noble Czar. Our land
Thou leavest for a gayer.

And this the beginning of his address to Lord Rosebery:

"My lord, if but for thy most honest word,
True Englishmen will honour thee this day."

And this *à propos* "a certain London firm" who supplied the Transvaal with arms:

"Oh, England! Curse this hour, cover thy head!
Where is thine honour fled?"

But the poem by which Mr. Cobbett would no doubt prefer to be judged is that called simply "Passion." Here is an extract. We are sorry for the lady:

"Look upon my face,
Into the eyes that hunger to meet thine:
Eyes blazing with a brightness, not of wine,
But Love's fierce fire:
And note therein this sacred passion's trace
And mad desire!
The mad desire of a soul deep-stirr'd,
Who finds in thee his Heaven or his Hell,
And in thy slightest frown his funeral knell,
Making dry sobs
Choke, ere 'tis spoken, each tumultuous word
Thro' which Love throbs.

And having seen and heard, then, if thou canst,
Put calmly by a Love that sues in vain:
Vex'd by a little trick of scarce-felt pain
Turn and depart!
With this proud trophy be thy fame enhanced—
My murder'd heart!"

A Vision of England, and other Poems. By John Rickards Mozley. (R. Bentley & Son.)

MR. MOZLEY'S muse is patriotic. The *Vision of England* fills over twenty pages, and extends from the period when "our mother earth of yore did sink from fiery essence into sleep of stone" down to the time of Darwin. Here is an average specimen. Mr. Mozley is addressing England—

"How came it thou wast torn from Europe's strand
In ancient days? The Atlantic, surging strong
Between the mounts o'er which th' archangel's hand
Once held its mighty guard, as told in song,
In moon-persuaded currents swept along,
And smote on Beachy Head with gathering roar:
Then, straitened in his channel, piled the throng
Of waters high, and, like a lion, tore
The Dover isthmus through, and reached the German shore."

The book is dedicated to the Queen. With the sentiment of the last two lines we heartily concur:

"May thou and thine go through the open door
And hear 'Well done!' and join the heavenly choir."

Songs of Flying Hours. By Dr. E. W. Watson. (Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.)

WE can imagine this volume being welcome in a sick-room. Dr. Watson has wide sympathies, a list of subjects that range from the "Song of Brahma" to "Bacilli," and a facility for melodious verse which is rather agreeable. A great poet? Oh, dear, no! But a minor poet upon whom we are disposed to smile. "I will go down to the Land of Sleeping" is pretty; and this, called "At Last," may please some:

"I come, O heart so true,
At last to thee.
All others fail,
And, wan and pale
With the rude blows
The world has showered on me,
I come for rest to thee.
Down at thy feet
I lay the sins of years;
I claim no mercy
In my bitter pain,
But thy blest tears,
Falling upon me like the gentle rain,
Free me from fears.
O heart that never tires,
O heart that never fails,
Ever forgives, nothing requires,
Tho' I have wronged thee sore,
My tired head I rest
Upon thy breast,
And roam no more."

The Child of the Bondwoman, and Other Verses. By Jean Carlyle Graham. (David Nutt.)

MRS. GRAHAM writes verse with some power; she has plenty of imagination, and plenty of words. But she is too ambitious. In her longest of these poems, "The Child of

the Bondwoman," she attacks the difficult theme of a girl's tumult of soul on discovering the shame of her birth. The result is a poem which is too exclamatory, too obviously wrought up. Two other poems, "A Dream of Death and Life," and "In the Beginning was the Word," are open to the same criticism. But we like Mrs. Graham's "Three Legends from the Pyrenees." The first tells how Christ appeared, kneeling in prayer, to some goatherds. We quote the last four stanzas of this moving little ballad:

"With staves they beat His patient back,
With stones His flesh they tore,
With taunting words His ears they stung,
And then set on the more;
They gave themselves no time to note
The amazing love His dear eyes wore.

Then God the Father from His throne
In might arose and frown'd.
A darkness spread. The sun sank, dead.
Jagg'd darts the mountain crown'd.
An icy breath of wrath sped forth
And wrapt the goatherds round.

Our Lord stretch'd out to them His hands—
The goatherds all dismay'd
Fell down upon their trembling knees
And cross'd their breasts and pray'd.
He raised them and He led them Home
In shining garments all array'd.

No more yon starlit village street
Their clanking goat-bells heard;
No more the golden *mestura*
These homely goatherds stirr'd.
On Nethou 'neath the time-long snow
Their bones await God's Final Word."

Rip Van Winkle. By William Akerman. (Bell & Sons.)

The title-poem is a dramatic version in rhyme of the old legend, well enough arranged to make a very entertaining play at a school breaking-up. It has, indeed, much spirit. The Poems and Lyrics that follow, though unimportant and not conspicuous for depth or novelty of thought, are pleasant too. This fragment of a "Viking's Song" is among the best of them:

"Now skall to the Vikings, the Vikings so bold,
So fearless in battle, so famous of old,
Sun-tanned are our faces, our locks are of gold;

Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi!

We plunder the noble, we plunder the priest,
We rob the fat abbot to furnish our feast,
There's no fare so fine as the convent-fed beast,

Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi!

So now slack the ropes, turn the sails to the wind,
And sweep o'er the swan's bath more fortunes to find,
The world is before us, and nothing behind,

Ahoi, my bold Vikings, Ahoi!"

Drift Weed. By H. M. Burnside. (Hutchinson & Co.)

IT may have been noticed by those that receive Christmas cards that Miss Burnside has succeeded the late Frances Ridley Havergal as the favourite poet for Christmas tide quotations. According to the little preface to this volume, Miss Burnside has been making songs for many years, and there is, doubtless, a large number of persons who will be glad of this collected edition of her kindly writings. That she cannot hear the music of her own songs

adds, says Miss Carey, who introduces the volume, a deeper pathos to their rhythm. The poems are very gentle, slender little messages. We need not say more. This—"English Daisies"—is pretty and representative:

"We were drawing very near,
And the cliffs shone white and clear,
And the little boats rowed past us from the strand,
When a host of flowers sweet
Lighted softly at my feet,
Like a blessing and a welcome from the land.
English daisies—nothing more—
From some meadow—on the shore,
But I felt my eyes grow wet with happy tears.
I had seen rare flowers bloom
In the fragrant forest gloom,
Where the orient palm its plummy summit rears,
While I wandered far away,
For many a weary day,
From my cottage in a sunny English lane,
But those daisies fresh and sweet
Came my longing eyes to greet,
Like a blessing and a welcome home again."

Lays and Legends of England. By M. C. Tyndall. (J. Baker & Son.)

MR. TYNDALL is a patriot, and he would have us all patriots too; which is an excellent ambition. Hence his songs and ballads of the glory of the Navy and the Army, and his joy in the West Country. There is no love of land like your West Countryman's. A Diamond Jubilee Ode very suitably opens the volume. But for technique we think that the hunting song from which the following stanzas are taken is more satisfactory than the patriotic verse. It has swing and spirit of its own; whereas the bulk of the book is laudable in intention, but not spontaneous or distinguished. Here is Mr. Tyndall, mounted on Pegasus, all ready for the chase:

"Not a cloud or a care on the spirit can lurk,
On a rattling good horse settling down to his work,
Who the stiffest of fences was ne'er known to shirk;
'Tis the sport of all sports, I contend.
When the ruck has tailed off, to be in the first flight,
With the pick of the field, and the hounds well in sight,
Sixty minutes with never a check going well,
And then, just as the pace is beginning to tell,
With a kill in the open to end!"

A Tale from Boccaccio. By Arthur Coles Armstrong. (Constable & Co.)

MR. ARMSTRONG is a correct, if not impassioned, practitioner in verse. The title-poem is the longest; but it is machine-made—an epithet which, indeed, applies to most of Mr. Armstrong's poetry. The machine, it is true, is well-oiled and accurate: but a machine none the less. We like the poet best in the following lyric:

"DEATH'S SLEEP.

"I know where violets live,
Ere yet they reach the sun;
And who doth roses give
Ere summer is begun.
And when the shadows fall,
The silver stars I see;
I have a name for all,
And all are known to me.

When leaves are dead and sere,
They fall upon my head,
And keep me dry and warm
Within my earthly bed.
I am so still and warm—
Laid in a quiet sleep;
Oh! wherefore dost thou cry?
And wherefore dost thou weep?"

A Window in Lincoln's Inn. By Addison
M'Leod. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. M'LEOD diversifies rather good sonnets with some of the worst blank verse we have ever seen. This is a specimen line:

"Higher than Watkin's Tower at Wembley Park;"

this is another:

"And No. 6 is always in arrears;"

and then one more:

"Only we spell it with a capital C."

Such remarks had best be put direct into prose. The book is the product of a critical mind that has observed and thought. It is not constructive; but the workmanship is deft. Here is a fair sonnet:

"Not in a dark cathedral, where the knees
Press velvet; and the lips from cups of gold
Drink precious wine; and endlessly o'er-told
One long dark stream of muttered mysteries
Sinks into ears half heeding Not from these
Drink I God's Spirit, but where mountains
bold
Rise in disdain; and tempests, wintry cold,
Cut out the heart of man's infirmities.
There, with a jut of rock for altar rail,
With bitter bread and rough and eager
wine,
On peaks that only hardest feet have trod,
Spirits that in the valley droop and fail,
Turn to their Maker, with a touch divine,
To take the Sacrament ordained of God."

Sent Back by the Angels. By the Rev.
Frederick Langbridge. (Cassell & Co.)

IF we were minded to describe Mr. Langbridge in a phrase, we should call him the Devotional Dagonet. His ballads have the same sentimental basis, but there is more of piety *en route*. They are always homely, and often humorous and pathetic, the rhymes are simple and plentiful, and the metre is musical. Here is a part of "Doctor Dan's Secret":

"As they lounge at ease, and toast their knees,
The host, with a laugh, will say,
'My kingdom's small, but over it all
I reign with a despot's sway.
No serious dame may freeze my joke
With a glance of her awful eye,
Nor cough rebuke from a cloud of smoke,
Nor put the decanter by.
I feel in my heart, says Doctor Dan,
'For that poor white slave, the married
man.'"

The Enchanted River. By Augustus Ralli.
(Digby, Long & Co.)

MR. RALLI can be a bad poet. He can write thus—

"I had a friend—a lady friend, I mean—
Whose taste for poetry was much developed"—

But certainly the piece from which these lines are taken is the worst in the book. In other lines he is a quiet and correct versifier, who, having little to say, says it as delicately as he can. He is at his best in

the translation of Moschus' "Lament for Bion." Here are the closing lines:

"O! if I could, as Orpheus did of yore,
Odysseus too and Heracles before,
I also unto Pluto's home would go
To hear if thou art singing still below.
But now some sweet Sicilian music play,
Sing to Persephone some pastoral lay;
For she, too, was a fair Sicilian maid
And in the fertile fields of Enna played.
Full well of old she knew the Dorian strain,
Not unrewarded shall thy song remain;
And as to Orpheus, when he touched the lyre,
She gave Eurydice his sole desire,
So yet it may be granted unto thee
To seek once more thy native mountains free.
If in my pipe there lurked the magic power,
To Pluto would I sing this self-same hour."

Song and Thought. By Richard Yates
Sturges. (George Redway.)

THERE is more song than thought in Mr. Sturges's twitterings. Garden lore and linnets, and falling leaves and broken notes, are the themes beloved of his correct but fragile muse. Here is a bit of Love's philosophy:

"Why is old love just like new love?
Because the only love is true love;
And though years may pass away,
Love has one sweet summer day.
Why is new love just like old love?
Because true love is still untold love;
And though time in love be sped,
All the best remains unsaid."

Pan: A Collection of Lyrical Poems. By
Rose Haig Thomas. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

MISS THOMAS has a gift; and she loves nature with a youthful and abounding love, not looking beyond, but revelling in all its manifestations—its primordial tumults and its finished daisy. In her first poem, "Nature," Miss Thomas tells in blank verse the story of evolution to the birth of human speech. Here is her picture of primitive man becoming articulate:

"The brute still dominant,
In silence yet he thought
While ages rolled.
Then his intelligence
Opened a spanless gulf
'Twixt him and other kind,
He struck a flint on flint,
Quick caught the spark,
And breathed it into flame!
Still silent, still no voice,
Save the wild cry of war,
Or wooing tones of love,
Until the dumb begat
A man articulate,
And from his Being sprung
A race of loosened tongues,
The silver sound of speech
Flooded a silent world."

At the Gates of Song: Sonnets. By Lloyd
Mifflin. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat.)

THESE hundred and fifty sonnets have poetic feeling, and are technically good. Some weigh the large issues of life; others convey literary appreciations; not a few are gracefully trivial. Here is a sonnet inspired by "An old Venetian Wine Glass":

"Daughter of Venice, fairer than the moon!
From thy dark casement leaning, half
divine,
And to the lutes of love that low repine
Across the midnight of the hushed lagoon
Listening with languour in a dreamful swoon—

On such a night as this thou didst entwine
Thy lily fingers round this glass of wine,
And clasped thy climbing lover—now too
soon.

Thy lover left, but ere he left thy room
From this he drank, his warm lips at the
brim;
Thou kissed it as he vanished in the gloom;
That kiss because of thy true love for him
Long, long ago when thou wast in thy
bloom—
Hath left it ever rosy round the rim.

Songs of Liberty. By Robert Underwood
Johnson. (The Century Co.)

LIKE Tom Moore, Mr. Johnson sings by turn the love of country and the love of woman, and the regrets which attend both. His opening "Apostrophe to Greece," "begun on the steps of the Parthenon, and published in the New York *Independent*" (cause and effect!), is poetically conceived—but it is not thrilling. The brightest piece in the volume is "An Irish Love Song":

"In the years about twenty
(When kisses are plenty)
The love of an Irish lass fell to my fate—
So winsome and sightly,
So saucy and sprightly.
The priest was a prophet that christened her
Kate.

Poems. By Henry D. Muir. (Chicago.)

MR. MUIR's book bears no publisher's name. The verses inside it are not, on the whole, such as would attract a publisher. They are full of the fine phrasings of the budding, imitative, and entirely unpromising singer. Mr. Muir is at his best in the one humorous piece we find in his volume. It is called "Literary Musings."

"Corked up in Memory's bottle,
I've gems from Aristotle;
I have gone through Homer's epics and have
stuck my nose in Plato;
I have formed a good idea
Of Euripides' 'Medea,'
Aristophanes, Æschylus, and Smith on 'The
Potato.'"

Sappho, Ovid, Virgil, Horace,
And many a Grecian chorus,
Are jumbled up together with Josh Billings,
Twain, and Nye;
While Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens,
And 'The Way to Rise Young Onions,'
All mix within my head to form a literary pie.

But ne'er in verse or story,
Nor in the drama's glory,
Nor in the bright romantic tale, nor in the
briny yarn,
Have I found that satisfaction
Which I drew in youth's abstraction
From the blood-and-thunder novel that I read
behind the barn."

The Starless Crown, and Other Poems. By
J. L. H. (Elliot Stock.)

Verses entitled "Gone to Grandmamma's," disarm the critic. Nor is anything to be said either for or against lines such as these on a golden-crested wren's nest-building:

"Brisk as ever,
Quick and clever,
Nest is snug and tight;
Twelve wee beauties
Bring new duties,
Work from morn till night."

DECADENT, MYSTIC, CATHOLIC.

La Cathédrale. Par J. K. Huysmans.
(Paris: P. V. Stock.)

THIS long-expected book is out at last, and bids fair to attract as much attention as its predecessors. Although not published till the beginning of the present month, it is already in its seventh edition, and arrangements have been made for its appearance in English dress. It is, however, so unlike any ordinary novel in form and conception that it is hardly possible to appreciate it without some acquaintance with M. Huysmans' own career and with his earlier works.

Joris Karl Huysmans is one of a distinguished family of artists, for some generations domiciled in Paris, and a descendant of Huysman de Malines, whose works belong to the Flemish school of the seventeenth century. Born in the Bohemian life of the capital, he early preferred literature to design, and made his bow to the public at the age of twenty-six with a small volume of poems only too plainly inspired by Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. Later, he became a disciple of Zola, and published, in 1876, his first novel, *Marthe*, wherein he describes the life of a courtesan of the lower class with such pronounced realism that the book had to be published in Brussels. Then followed in quick succession *Les Sœurs Vatar*, the history of two factory girls; *En Ménage*, a study in divorce, and several other works of which it is only necessary to mention here *A Rebours* ("The Wrong Way"). In this, surely one of the most tedious books ever written, M. Huysmans describes with wearisome minuteness the vagaries of a debauchee of good family, who, worn out with excess at the age of thirty, buys with the sale of his ancestral property a house in the suburbs of Paris, and sets seriously to work to console himself, like Pope's *Sporus*, with the pleasures of taste. So exquisite is his sensibility that he secludes himself not only from society, but from Nature herself, and lives only by artificial light in rooms decorated in extraordinary colours, fitted instead of windows with aquariums filled with coloured water and clockwork fish, and perfumed by an apparatus on which he can compose "symphonies" of scent instead of sound. Had M. Huysmans ever shown a spark of humour in any of his writings, we might here suspect him of a satire after the fashion of *The Colonel* or *Patience* upon the aesthete of his time. But the book is inspired by a different motive, and when its hero is dragged back by his doctors to Paris with a digestion ruined by a dietary of liqueurs, strange teas and other nastinesses, he utters the cry:

"Lord, have pity on a Christian who doubts, on the sceptic who wishes to believe, on the convict for life embarking alone and in darkness under a sky which the cheering signal-lights of an ancient hope no longer lighten."

It is with the answer to this prayer that M. Huysmans concerns himself in the series of which *La Cathédrale* is the last example.

So far, M. Huysmans had made no more ambitious appeal to the public

than the dozens of Parisian novelists whom the institution of the *feuilleton* enables to turn out romances as if by machinery for the delectation of the newspaper-reading public. His earlier critics, while giving him credit for a strength not apparent to English eyes, seem to have noted in him only two peculiarities—viz., a passion for trivial details and a tendency to dwell upon the revolting. Both these failings they attributed, perhaps with reason, to his Flemish extraction, while his excursion into the eccentric in *A Rebours* must have seemed to many to have been inspired by the love of *cabotinage* or play-acting for its own sake from which no Parisian is ever entirely free. But with *La-Bas*, the opening volume of his new venture, M. Huysmans bounded clear of the ruck of his fellow-craftsmen and became at once, if his publishers' figures are in anyway to be trusted, one of the most popular writers in France. In this most daring book M. Huysmans shows us M. Durtal, a *blasé* man of letters, in whom some see the hero of *A Rebours* grown older, engaged in writing a history of the monster Gilles de Rais, once the brother-in-arms of Joan of Arc, whose many crimes are detailed by Mr. Baring Gould in his *Book of Werewolves*. Durtal, while chronicling the insane atrocities of this wretch, receives the advances of Mme. Chantelouve, a member of the upper middle class of Parisian Catholic society, but a secret adherent of the supposed sect of devil-worshippers. By her he is taken to a disused chapel in the heart of Paris, where Satan is formally invoked by an apostate priest, and a horrible parody of the mass is celebrated, followed by an orgy of hysterical lust. But all this disgusting machinery is, so to speak, but the drum beaten outside the booth to draw the crowd to the show inside; and the real purpose of the book is shown in certain conversations which take place round the dinner-table of Carhaix, a bell-ringer of St. Sulpice. Carhaix and his wife are both Bretons, pious with the piety of Catholics who have never known doubt, and Durtal's fellow-guests are a doctor who apparently represents the scientific negation of the supernatural, and an astrologer who exhibits in his own person the absurdity of an over-credulous belief in it. As may be guessed, the simple faith of Carhaix shines by the side of the doctor's cold scepticism and Durtal's mental unrest, and the book ends with his prophecy to the latter.

"Here below," he says, "all is decomposed, all is dead—but above! Oh, I admit that the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, the advent of the Divine Paraclete may be delayed! But the texts which announced it are inspired, and the future may be counted upon. The dawn will be clear."

M. Huysmans' next book, *En Route*, the only one which has yet been translated into English, unfolds another chapter in the history of Durtal's soul. Shocked by the sudden deaths of Carhaix and the doctor, he slips back rather than is reconverted to the religion of his youth, and spends a week in retreat at a Trappist monastery, where, after terrible mental struggles, he is fully reconciled to the Church, and returns to Paris a sincere and professing Catholic. And so we come at last to the volume before us,

which is as simple in construction and as barren of incident as its forerunners. The scene is laid at Chartres, whose cathedral gives its title to the book. Hither come before the volume opens Durtal, the old priest under whose direction he took his first steps towards reconciliation, and a new character in the shape of a pious woman who acts as the priest's housekeeper. Here, too, these three meet a certain Abbé Plomb, an antiquarian canon of Chartres, and the four indulge in several exquisite discussions after the fashion of Carhaix and his guests, but this time on the symbolism of the cathedral and on sublime points of mysticism arising out of the lives of the saints. These discussions and Durtal's soliloquies take up the greater part of the book; but spiritual matters are not neglected. The religious ceremonies at which Durtal assists are described with much fervour and wealth of detail, and both the priests are represented as busying themselves with his state of mind and with the melancholy which perpetually besets him. Finally, they prevail upon him to undertake another retreat, this time to the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, and we leave him on the way thither; but this, though it ends the book, does not exhaust the series. Already two more volumes are in preparation, and from hints dropped in the former volumes we can pronounce one of them to be the life of St. Lydwine or Lidwine (M. Huysmans seems himself uncertain as to the spelling), who apparently played a considerable part in Durtal's conversion; while the other will deal with his reception in some Benedictine house as an "oblate"—i.e., a sort of lay monk, who is subject to the Rule, but does not take the irrevocable vows of the Order. We sincerely hope that M. Huysmans will leave his hero in peace when he gets him there. Five volumes on the history of one soul should satisfy even Mr. Arthur Balfour.

On the whole, we are a little disappointed with *La Cathédrale*. Durtal does not, indeed, improve on acquaintance. His struggles with the flesh at La Trappe, his terrible conflict with himself over his first confession, and his doubts and fears about receiving the Eucharist, were depicted for us in so lifelike a manner as to move the most thoughtless. It was impossible, in fact, to read *En Route* without feeling as one would at the sight of a man struggling with a rushing stream for his life. But with Durtal at Chartres it is much more difficult to sympathise. His conversion has brought him no peace of mind, and he goes through the process which Kingsley described as "fingering his spiritual muscles to see if they are growing," with the most irritating frequency. Moreover, though the superiority of the mystic over the ordinary believer is vaunted on almost every page, Durtal does not seem to be making progress towards the conscious union of the soul with the Deity, which is said by all mystics to be the goal at which they aim. Although we are told he has been set at La Trappe, on the road to the Mystic City, and even to have "perceived its confines on the horizon," he is in no hurry to continue his course. Instead, he devotes himself to much mauling about the symbolical meanings of

certain colours, gems, and even beasts, birds, and plants, only worthy of a mediæval Cabalist or of the modern Parisian society of the Rose Croix. And with all this, he shows an asperity and an intolerance which says little for his charity. The thought of pious founders perpetuating their names on the churches they build fills him with horror, while some remarks on the use to be made of the Eucharist lead him to anticipate the outcry that they would provoke "in the gang of grocers of the Temple, and in the sacred band of devotees who have their luxurious *prie-Dieus* and reserved seats near the altar, like theatre stalls in the house of all." As for the literary world of Paris, he expresses himself about it in most vitriolic language.

"To see much of these subaltern scribblers and oneself remain clean is," he says, "impossible. One must choose between their company and that of honest folk, between speaking evil and holding one's tongue. For their speciality is to prune you of all charitable ideas, and to ease you of friendship in the twinkling of an eye."

It is, perhaps, fidelity to his art which makes M. Huysmans represent his hero as attacked by one of the most ordinary failings of religious people, but one cannot help feeling a wish to thump M. Durtal into a less Pharisaical frame of mind.

It appears, therefore, likely that M. Huysmans' reputation is still in the making, and that he must do better than in *La Cathédrale* if his future place in literature is to be as great as his present popularity. His contemporaries' judgment on his work is still abundantly justified, and it is its likeness to that of the Dutch painters whom he worships which is at once its strength and its weakness. As Teniers or Gerard Dow would expend the same painful care upon the presentment of a pot or a pan as upon the principal figure of the picture, so M. Huysmans must describe every unimportant detail with the same wealth of epithet and illustration in which he would set forth the main incidents of his story, did he condescend to incidents. Not content with telling us that the country folk who received the new bishop at Chartres wore old-fashioned clothes, he must needs describe them. Their coats, their hats, all pass under review, and we have to be told that they wore "white gloves cleaned with petroleum and rubbed with india-rubber and bread-crumbs." When he wishes to say that the wind was sweeping the streets of Chartres, he thus concludes a page of description:

"Some belated ecclesiastics hurried on, grasping with one hand their skirts, which swelled like balloons, squeezing on their hats with the other, and only letting go to recover the breviary slipping from under their arms, hiding their faces, pressing them upon their breasts, and leaping forward to cleave the north wind with red ears and eyes blinded with tears, hanging on desperately the while to umbrellas which surged above their heads threatening to carry them away and shaking them all over."

Nor is his grossness less marked than formerly. It follows him into his description of the cathedral, and while he twice goes out of his way to ment on that a

prudish sacristan has decorated a statue of the infant Jesus with a paper apron, he dwells upon certain peculiarities of the furniture of the choir boys' dormitory not generally noticed. Yet this is nothing compared to the morbid delight which he feels in recalling loathsome images. As Wouwermans is said never to have painted a picture without introducing a man or an animal in some of the ignoble situations imposed upon us by our common nature, so M. Huysmans will make a nasty allusion if he can. He describes the walls of the Abbé Plomb's lodging as "suffering from the cutaneous disease of plaster gnawed with leprosy and damasked with pustules"; while he concludes his description of literary circles with this far-fetched simile:

"Yes! Imitating the homœopathic pharmacopœia which still makes use of horrible substances, the juice of woodlice, the poison of snakes, the pressings of cockchafers, the secretion of polecats, and the pus of small-pox, all coated with sugar of milk to conceal the smell and appearance, the world of letters, also, grinds down the most disgusting matters in the hope of getting them absorbed without retching. It is one incessant manipulation of neighbourly jealousies and the cackle of porters' lodges, the whole made into a globule with a treacherous coating of good manners to hide its odour and taste."

He even mentions a bad chromolithograph of the Sacred Heart, in which "Christ shows with an amiable air a heart badly cooked, bleeding into streams of yellow sauce."

Even these errors of taste, however, are venial compared with the manner in which M. Huysmans has succumbed in his latest book to his school's besetting sin, which is affectation. In him this takes the form of an eager search after the recondite and the unusual. Durtal, in the finicking spirit proper to the successor of the effeminate des Esseintes finds some churches so ugly that he cannot pray in them without shutting his eyes, and wearies his hearers with passages from the lives of saints like St. Lydwine of Schiedam and Jeanne de Matel, their great merit in his eyes being, apparently, that their very names "remain unknown to the majority of Catholics." At other times he sweeps the libraries of scarce books of devotion, and delights in worshipping at the shrines of Madonnas abandoned by their devotees. And when M. Huysmans speaks in his own person he shows the same desperate straining after originality. His favourite poets are Baudelaire and Verlaine, his chosen romancer Edgar Allen Poe, and above all English artists he sets Hogarth and Rowlandson. In each case his choice seems to be largely due to the unpopularity or neglect of his favourite, and when he notices a living artist like "Wistler"—it is thus that he inverts the letters of the immortal name—he thinks that he has bestowed the highest praise upon him by saying that his pictures remind him of opium dreams. That this is a studied affectation more than any unnatural perversion of taste is shown clearly enough by the extraordinary vocabulary which he has lately adopted, of which the main feature is its substitution of out-of-the-way technical terms for those in common use.

Thus for "in this fashion" he uses the words *en ce gabarit*, the last being the word used by shipbuilders for the models or patterns used in their trade; he speaks of the character of a penitent moulded by his director as being *malaxé*, a word used by chemists for the rolling of a pill; and he cannot speak of anything being put on one side, save as *mise au rencart*, a provincialism the derivation of which is unknown. His stock of ordinary technical words increases with each new book that he writes; and to the medical terms of *La-Bas* and the cloister phrase of *En-Route*, he has now added the language of architecture. Unless he returns to common speech, it will soon be impossible to read him without a glossary.

These, then, are the faults which compel us to think that M. Huysmans' popularity rests as yet upon no assured basis; yet, having said this, it would be idle to deny that he presents some of the characteristics of a great artist. The term is used advisedly, for his subjective mode of treatment lends itself to word-painting, and few can bring before us a person or a scene more vividly or with firmer strokes of the brush.

We have space for but one more quotation. We wish we could give the long, but not too long, description of the new bishop's entry into Chartres, and his reception by the old-fashioned country folk and pensioners of the place, which is presented in the vivid and grotesque manner of Hogarth's "March of the Guards thro' Finchley." Let us take instead the scene where Durtal sees the dawn break over the cathedral, the great spear-shaped windows, with their central group of the black St. Anne surrounded by Jewish kings, appearing in the dim light like hiltless swords.

"And, when he looked to right and left, he saw, at immense heights on each side, a gigantic trophy hung on the walls of darkness and composed of a colossal shield covered with dents above five large swords without guards or hilts, with blades damascened in vague tracery and confused mélo-work."

Gradually the groping wintry sun pierced through the mist, which became bluer and more vaporous; and first, the trophy hung on Durtal's left towards the north awoke to life. Red embers and spirituous flames took light within the hollows of the shield, while beneath on the middle blade arose in the steel spear-head the giant face of a negress clothed in a green robe and brown mantle; the head, wrapped in a blue kerchief, was surrounded by a golden aureole, and she gazed, hieratic and shy, straight before her with widely-opened eyes, all white.

And this sphinx-like black held on her knees a little negro whose eyeballs stood forth like balls of snow from a black face.

Around her slowly the other still shadowy swords grew clear, and blood trickled from their points reddened as with recent slaughter. And these purple streams disclosed the outlines of beings from the banks of some distant Ganges, on the one side a king playing on a harp of gold, and on the other a monarch raising a sceptre ending in the turquoise petals of a strange lily. . . .

This is excellent work. It has lost much by translation, but in the original M. Huysmans' picture of the cathedral stands out with the force and delicacy of a nocturne by his friend Mr. Whistler.

HEROES—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I. *The Cid Campeador*. By H. Butler Clarke. II. *Robert E. Lee*. By Henry A. White. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Cid" is supposed to be a Spanish corruption of the Arabic *Sidy*, "My Lord," though this is uncertain; and it is thought that the famous Spanish hero did not bear the title during his lifetime, though this again is uncertain. "Campeador" (meaning "Champion") was undoubtedly bestowed on him during his lifetime, on account of his numerous single combats. He is the Arthur of Spain; somewhat more historical than the British king, but, nevertheless, owing his conspicuous name to an accumulation of legends and ballads. What is historically certain about him is that he was the son of Diego Laynez, Lord of Bivar, a man of distinguished ancestry on both sides; and the Cid's own name was Rodrigo (by contraction Ruy) Diaz de Bivar. He was the renowned favourite of King Sancho of Castille and Leon; but on the accession of Sancho's brother Alfonso he soon fell into disgrace, and was banished. From that time he lived a lawless and predatory life, sometimes temporarily reconciled with the king, then again at enmity with him; and as the crowning achievement of his life he conquered the Moorish city of Valencia, so securing for himself a principality, only to die in no long time after. With his death his principality collapsed.

This story is told with great clearness and discrimination by Mr. Clarke, who is wise enough not to exclude the chivalrous and poetic legends, while at the same time he distinguishes between them and the more or less authoritative records. Inevitably it is a picturesque, an interesting book. The epic wealth of tradition clustering round the name of the Cid would alone make it so; and the genuine history, if smaller in quantity, is no less picturesque than the legend. It is in the character of the hero that the difference lies between the two sources of narrative. The Cid of legend is the perfect knight of Spanish conception; who may exhibit some doubtful behaviour according to our modern ideas, may cheat a Jew or display questionable principle, but still is spotlessly faithful to the mediæval Spanish idea of what a hero should be. Brave, loyal, courteous, religious, animated by the loftiest conceptions—such is the Cid of tradition; but the Ruy Diaz of history is a sorry kind of hero. That disposition to glorify the outlaw which has given us the Robin Hood and Rob Roy of romance is responsible for the ballads of the Cid. In cold fact, from the time of his first banishment he was nothing better than a great leader of Free Companions—for the thing existed then, though the name was of later invention. He fought for Moor against Christian, or Christian against Moor, just as it advantaged him in money or interest. He was crafty, perfidious—a Spanish Odysseus: grasping, cruel, able, daring, and successful. His religion sat very easily on him, and he was addicted to heathen auspices by means of birds' entrails and

such like folly. An interesting book, a debatable hero.

By his side, General Robert Lee "sticks fiery off," indeed. What Spain fondly conceived Ruy Diaz to have been the plain authentic American general was, and a much greater leader into the bargain. Gallant, brilliant, pious, upright, unselfish, indomitable, Lee was a true hero, of whom America—North and South—and modern times may be proud. It is a brave and stirring story which Dr. White had to tell; and he has told it directly, vigorously, if occasionally with somewhat cheap colour of diction. He has erred only where all but a few military historians err: he fails to preface his detailed account of operations by a clear synopsis of the general strategical or tactical plan; wherefore his detail of campaigns or battles, accurate and sufficient in itself, becomes a painful tangle to the civilian reader. In just this perspicuous preliminary *résumé*, reinforced by after summing-up, the much-abused Alison is strong, and Carlyle, in his *Friedrich*, admirable.

Lee, surely, ranks high in the second order of generals. During four consecutive years, always against much superior numbers, he led an army which practically, it may be said, was not reinforced; which dwindled steadily, while all his enemies' losses were replenished by copious and incessantly renewed levies; yet he was never beaten in person, and only once (in the bloody Battle of Gettysburg) repulsed, until the final day when Grant broke through lines wasted by a year of terrible struggle and famine before Richmond. Twice he hurled back superior Northern armies from the Confederate States, and (in all probability) was only prevented by the timorous defensive policy of Jefferson Davis (who would not concentrate, who would try to defend a long line of States at all points) from closing the war by an advance on Washington.

Most glorious of all his exploits is his final tragic campaign against Grant: the enemy, immensely superior in numbers, drawing inexhaustible supplies, while his own war-worn and famine-worn army, wanting shoes, supplies, everything except inextinguishable valour, melted with every battle. It is worthy to rank with such historic struggles as those of Hannibal in Bruttium and Napoleon on the plains of Champagne; and, like them, it shows that the god of battles is with the big battalions. Alexander scattered Persians by myriads, Clive Bengalese by thousands with a little army; but they were Persians, they were Bengalese. Napoleon beat the Austrians in Italy, though they were much superior; but the Austrians divided their forces, and they were not overwhelmingly superior. Hannibal standing at bay, leonine, in Bruttium, Napoleon standing at bay, panther-like, in Champagne, the French standing at bay against swarming China at Langson, found that masses must win, if they were led with mediocre capacity, against a handful led with superb capacity.

Lee was not a Hannibal or a Napoleon, but he was incomparably the most brilliant

general that America has produced. It breaks one's heart that he should have been finally conquered by brute numbers and brute Grant. Grant has been astonishingly over-rated. He would have been ignominiously beaten in war against a Germany and a Moltke.

That last heroic campaign of Lee can be told in a few words. Grant made a flanking march for Richmond. Lee attacked his flank, but the slowness of Longstreet prevented his inflicting on Grant utter rout. Though he destroyed the Northern General's army by thousands, he found the game too bloody for his own limited numbers, while Grant could lose any quantity of men, and relied on that fact alone for winning. Then he marched parallel with Grant, threw himself in front of him, and beat him back with frightful loss. Grant renewed his flank march; once more the two armies marched parallel, until Lee again threw himself in front, and again repulsed Grant with terrible slaughter. So it went on until the two armies reached Richmond. Grant always attacked along the whole line, ignoring or ignorant of all tactics, and always dashed his insensate head against an invincible wall. Richmond reached, Lee took up a permanent position in front of it; and Grant continued his dense-headed bull-rushes, without plan or knowledge, until his men were utterly cowed by the useless slaughter, and were beaten before they went into battle.

It was the very negation, the obstinate, ignorant refusal of all military art: and if Lee could have had reinforcements, or if there had been less inexhaustible resources of men behind Grant, the Northern General must have been driven to a deserved retreat. But no help came to Lee; and at last even Grant sulkily gave up direct attack, fortified himself, and turned the campaign into a siege, with formal approach by mines and trenches. He had lost sixty-five thousand men in the campaign, and had been beaten in every battle. But fifty-five thousand fresh troops joined him, while the doomed Lee received not a single man. Starvation set in among the Southerners; while, though every engagement was a victory, every engagement thinned their numbers, and the deadly losses they inflicted on the enemy mattered nothing to him with his endless supplies. Yet, even so, for eight months Lee held invincibly the lines in front of Richmond, with his famine-stricken and heroic skeleton of an army, hurling back every advance of the foe. At last the fated Southern force grew too thin to defend its extended lines. The Northerners broke through, and Lee, like Osman Pasha at Plevna, was overtaken and surrounded in his retreat. At Appomattox Court-House he gave up his sword; having lost a campaign more gloriously than most generals win one. No reader, when he reaches this conclusion of the Southern General's brilliant career, but must take off his hat to Robert Lee. He was never beaten till the game was over. And that is the spirit which Englishmen for ever love and honour.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S "GLADSTONE."

The Story of Gladstone's Life. By Justin McCarthy. (A. & C. Black.)

IF Mr. Justin McCarthy has plenty of good anecdotal matter about Mr. Gladstone, he has not put it into this book. That is what readers expect to get in a "story" which does not profess to be serious biography, still less to be history. But they will not get even so much as that from Mr. McCarthy. He does not give them even *his-story*. So close and shrewd an observer cannot have sat in the same building, whether in the Reporters' Gallery or on the floor of the House, for an indefinite number of years, without forming his own impressions, a little varying, one supposes, from the purely conventional ones; and particularly in the case of a statesman with whom he had, as leader of the Irish Party at a crisis of its history, relations of a peculiarly sensitive kind. Of all this there is no hint. This pleasant enough piece of book-making begins by disclaimers of its author's "special knowledge," or of his recourse to "correspondence or documents which are not accessible to every student of political history." Even accessible documents Mr. McCarthy does not seem to have taken in all cases the trouble to set forth in his narrative, which has amazing gaps. Very scanty and partial, for instance, is the chapter recording that exceptionally important transition period when Mr. Gladstone first found himself in a Liberal administration. That was a time when, according to legend, some young bloods of the Carlton proposed in jest what Mr. McCarthy records in deadly earnest—to throw the seceder out of the window. The record of an after-dinner escapade seems out of place, any way, in pages that suggest the flavours of the afternoon tea-table rather than those of a more strenuous feast. Frankly, the figure is that of a bread-and-butter Gladstone. Mr. George Russell, also a eulogist and also a personal friend, has produced a biography of his former leader which, page by page, covers almost the same ground as Mr. McCarthy's; yet it has faced more successfully the difficulties of the position, and achieves throughout a virility of tone and treatment, difficult enough under the conditions, and absent, it must be owned, from the volume of Mr. McCarthy. As he had to do what six other hands had done before him, and had, therefore, to avoid the six most obvious ways of expressing rather common facts in rather common English, his task was not a particularly exhilarating one.

After making all allowances, the book is a disappointment. Not merely is the picture of Mr. Gladstone a chromolithographic affair where we had some right to expect the hand of an artist, but the casual sketches of contemporaries, who happened to be Mr. Gladstone's opponents or rivals, are defaced out of all candid recognition. Disraeli is the old sinister bogey-man of ancient history in Liberal journals; one thought that that figure, as unreal as a Guy Fawkes dummy of straw, had long ago been "flung to limbo," to use Disraeli's phrase about his

own "lyre." The statement about Disraeli's ignorance of the classics, and his incapacity to speak French, needs a good deal of revision. So, we are sure he will agree on second thoughts, does his attribution of vulgar motives of personal ambition to Disraeli, who, we are again assured, "began life as a Radical." Of course, he did nothing of the kind. To show his contempt for both parties, he had an election committee consisting of six Tories and six Radicals; and had he finally found it convenient to use the Liberal rather than the Tory organisation to forward his views he could have been accused of "beginning life as a Tory" with a quite equal plausibility. Robert Lowe—for the mere literary form of those speeches, if for nothing else, a literary man might have allowed a line of recognition—makes as ill a figure as Disraeli under Mr. McCarthy's pen. The statement that "he had a contempt for the poor generally" is made twice within a few pages—"a perfect contempt" is the variant of the first phrase. The statement is as utterly without warrant as is another, that "the idea of a man being allowed to vote at an election who could not read Greek and Latin was revolting to his soul." A more preposterous statement was never made; and it is worth while to recall the odium Mr. Lowe incurred among pedants for his advocacy of a commercial rather than a classical education for the sons of the middle classes. These are but specimen blots, where no new lights are found by way of atonement. A writer of fiction becomes enamoured of his hero—all the other characters must be subordinates and foils. Mr. McCarthy has shown himself to be on this occasion a novelist first and a biographer afterwards. The political novel has its great defects and its great uses; but there seems nothing to say in favour of the political novel-biography, of which Mr. McCarthy has furnished us a perfect specimen.

CRAZY ARITHMETIC.

The Canon: an Exposition of the Pagan Mystery perpetuated in the Cabala. With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Grahame. (Elkin Mathews.)

PROBABLY the very silliest book published last year. Most people have heard of the Cabala (*Anglicé*, tradition), by which certain Jews, taking advantage of the fact that the Hebrew alphabet was used to denote numbers as well as letters, sought to extract a hidden meaning from the words of Scripture by substituting for them others having the same numerical value. It is on this principle that the Apocalypse of St. John alludes to Nero under cover of the number 666, that being the numerical value of the persecuting emperor's style and title, and other instances could be quoted from the Epistle of Barnabas and other early Christian writings. But the author of *The Canon* not only applies this to the Greek alphabet—which, indeed, lends itself quite as well to this sort of mystification as the Hebrew—but allows himself several liberties which

would enable him to prove that nearly every word in any language means all the others. Without offering the slightest excuse for so doing, he assumes that "colel" or one can be added or subtracted at will, and when the word in question is a compound one, he adds or subtracts as many "colels" as the word has component parts. If he then fails to get a word of the meaning he wants, he mis-spells it, or imagines a square of which the number he is dealing with is the root, or a circle of which it is the diameter, or a "vesica" (or figure enclosed by the segments of two circles) of which it is the perimeter, or in some other way alters the rules of the game until he gets at the required result. The following is a specimen: "The circle assigned to Saturn has a diameter of 1,120, which is the height of a rood cross which crucifies a man contained in a square having a perimeter equal to the side of the Holy Oblation" mentioned in Ezekiel. Perhaps it has; but we do not see the importance of the statement.

To this nonsense, Mr. Cunninghame Grahame contributes a very amusing preface, wherein he tells us that

"a rich barbarian, pale and dyspeptic, florid or flatulent, seated in a machine luxuriously upholstered and well heated, and yet the traveller's mind a blank, or only occupied with schemes to cheat his fellows and advance himself, is, in the abstract, no advance upon a citizen of Athens, in the time of Pericles, who never travelled faster than a bullock cart would take him in all his life."

But why not? The rich barbarian of Mr. Grahame's breathless sentence can certainly visit more places, and thus make his influence the more felt whether for good or evil. For the rest, how could the descendants of Pericles have escaped the Turks had they been restricted to the pace of the ancestral bullock cart?

BRIEFER MENTION.

A Year from a Correspondent's Note-Book. By Richard Harding Davis. (Harper.)

HAVING read Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* we are quite ready to welcome anything else he may choose to write, even when the book he presents to us is nothing more than a reprint of articles he has contributed to various newspapers and magazines. For Mr. Davis is no ordinary journalist. He is an observer with a marvellously keen nose for trifles, a literary man who can use a trifle to light up a whole subject. Coming to view the Jubilee celebrations of last year he found that "the smell of soft coal, which is perhaps the first and most distinctive feature of London to greet the arriving American, was changed to that of green pine, so that the town smelt like a Western mining camp." Moreover, into the year which his notebook covers, Mr. Davis crammed all manner of interesting experiences. He witnessed the coronation of the Tsar, having the luck to gain admittance to the Cathedral of the Assumption, he was at Budapest for the millennial celebration, he visited

Cuba during the rebellion, he followed the Greek army, saw the inauguration of the American President, and struggled through the crowds which blocked the London streets in June. And about each he has something fresh and vivid to say. Nothing better has been written about the Græco-Turkish war than his description of the sudden hail of Turkish bullets upon the entrenchments at Veleshtinos.

"If a man had raised his arm above his head his hand would have been torn off. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs springing at each other's throats. . . . This lasted for five minutes or less, and then the death-grip seemed to relax; the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath; the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by; and from hill-top to hill-top the officers' whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks withdrew into the coming night, and the Greeks lay back, panting and sweating, and stared open-eyed at one another like men who had looked for a moment into hell, and had come back to the world again."

The modest title of the book forbids us to regard it as more than a series of disjointed sketches. It has the inevitable defect of its origin, in that each of these notable events, described almost in the moment of their happening, is regarded as the greatest event the world has ever seen. But it is supremely good journalism, and well worth preserving.

Our English Minsters. By the Very Rev. A. P. Purey-Cust, and Others. (Isbister & Co.)

THE eight authors of this handsome book have produced a work interesting to the veriest layman who understands nothing of bosses, *piscina*, *triforia*, spandrels, and other mysteries of the architectural cult. Canon Newbolt's account of St. Paul's, with which the volume opens, contains a lively and feeling description of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, and also of that Old St. Paul's which originally stood on the same site. The historical associations are cleverly, but briefly, emphasised, and, though one hardly looks for exciting incidents in such an article as this, the account of the painter Thornhill's rescue from certain death when painting the cupola, lends a human interest which the narrative would otherwise lack. One slip the author has made, which should be corrected in a later edition. He speaks of Sir Edgar Boehm as being "famous for the Jubilee coinage." Sir Edgar Boehm has left behind him so many good works that it seems a pity that his one acknowledged failure should be here chosen to designate him.

The account of the stately Minster of York is dignified, if perhaps slightly stilted in style. Among the many interesting details of the erection of the edifice itself is given an extract from the indenture (still extant) with a certain John Thornton for the glazing of the great east window. It runs as follows: he is to

"complete it in three years, portray with his own hands the histories, images, and other things to be painted on the same. He is to provide glass and lead and workmen, and receive four shillings per week, five pounds at the

end of each year, and, after the work is completed, ten pounds for his reward."

It was for such pay as this that men who delighted in their art for art's sake were content to work. Ely Cathedral, the great Minster of the Fens, is treated of by Canon Dickson, who gives an exhaustive description of the great octagonal lantern which, in the opinion of experts, has no equal in the world. The Very Rev. Dean of Norwich has devoted himself to a loving account of that fane, in which he relates the true explanation of the curious circular opening in the nave roof which has puzzled so many antiquarians. St. Alban's Abbey by Canon Liddell, Salisbury Cathedral by the Dean of Salisbury, Worcester Cathedral by Canon Shore, and Exeter Cathedral by Canon Edmonds, are each treated of in the same lively and interesting manner, and, taken as a whole, *Our English Minsters* is a work which fulfils a distinct purpose. Those who wish for long, learned, and detailed disquisitions on styles, periods, materials, interiors, elevations, and sections must seek more pretentious works, but to such as desire an admirably illustrated and entertaining account of our great churches, full of all those details most interesting to the uninitiated, *Our English Minsters* should give satisfaction.

The Trial of Lord Cochrane before Lord Ellenborough. By J. B. Atlay, M.A. With a Preface by Edward Downes Law. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

IF an Irishman had to describe the career of Thomas Cochrane, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, he might fairly say that he was only on *terra firma* when at sea, for on land he was always in hot water. His name still lives in the annals of four navies—those of Great Britain, Chili, Brazil, and Greece. His maritime exploits have obliterated in the public mind the memory of the fact that in 1814 he was convicted of circulating a false report of Napoleon's defeat and death, and thereby victimising the Stock Exchange. But his family have not forgotten it, and have made frequent efforts to cleanse his reputation of this stain. Unhappily their way of white-washing Lord Cochrane has been to blacken Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice who tried him. They accuse him of having conducted the trial so that the defence did not have a fair chance, and of having misdirected the jury. Naturally the Ellenborough family could not stand this. Commander Law, grandson of the Lord Chief Justice, collected a mass of rebutting evidence, and handed it over to Mr. Atlay, who has reduced it to fairly reasonable limits in this volume of 500 pages. By any unprejudiced reader, we think, Mr. Atlay will be held to have made out his case, and we would fain hope that this view will commend itself to the other side. The spectacle of two noble families pelting one another with controversial tomes is one that if carried much further will provoke laughter rather than interest.

The People for whom Shakespeare Wrote. By Charles Dudley Warner. (Harper's.)

MR. WARNER writes in a pleasant and gossiping fashion of Elizabethan society

and manners; you may learn from his pages how Shakespeare's contemporaries dressed, dined, drank, and amused themselves; what were their expenses, and what strangers, from Erasmus downwards, thought of them. There is no great learning in the book: Harrison's *Description of England* and Rye's *Foreigners in England* provide two-thirds of the material. Mr. Warner persistently writes the family name of the Earls of Essex as "Devereaux": he speaks of Shakespeare's brother "Charles," although he had not one; puts "Paris Gardens" for "Paris Garden," and the "Fashion" for the "Fortune" Theatre. Misprints, perhaps, but very slovenly. The most interesting thing in the book is a description of a county squire from Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, new to us:

"His great hall was commonly strewn with marrow-bones, and full of hawks' perches, of hounds, spaniels, and terriers. His oyster-table stood at one end of the room and oysters he ate at dinner and supper. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church Bible, the other Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. He drank a glass or two of wine at his meals, put syrup of gilly-flower in his sack, and always had a tun-glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. After dinner, with a glass of ale by his side, he improved his mind by listening to the reading of a choice passage out of the *Book of Martyrs*."

These books accumulate. Mr. Fairman Ordish did one last June, Mr. W. J. Rolfe last October. Mr. Warner's is probably the least well-informed, but it is the best written of the three.

Catesby: a Tragedy. (Billing: Guildford.)

THIS venture is inspired, we suppose, by a recent controversy. The drama is Elizabethan, in prose and blank verse. To say that the anonymous author has not fathomed the mysteries of blank verse would be mild: he has not even grasped its normal rhythm. The historical introduction and notes show considerable research; which might have been utilised in a biography of Catesby. It is a pity how some people mistake their vocations.

The Ancient Use of Greek Accents. By G. T. Carruthers. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

THIS is a curious and interesting little tract. In the first part Mr. Carruthers discusses the nature and meaning of the Greek accents, which we probably owe to the grammarians of Alexandria. Many think that their chief object is to complicate examinations; but Mr. Carruthers thinks that they really afford a guide to the pronunciation of Greek words. He gets over the difficulties in the way of this theory by supposing that in the case of the acute accent the stress was intended to be put not on the syllable which bore the accent, but on the following syllable. The accent was thus of the nature of a preliminary signal. The suggestion is ingenious, and deserves consideration. In the second part of the treatise Mr. Carruthers attempts, by means of this theory, to throw some light upon the difficult subject of Greek music. He gives some interesting transcripts of Greek melodies into modern notation.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RIBSTONE PIPPINS.

By MAXWELL GRAY.

A rustic idyll by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*. The scene is the West of England, and the hero is a carter with large hazel eyes that shine with spiritual light. The people talk thus: "I mane the little chap wi' nar a mossel o' cloase, onny a pair o' goose-wings, and a bowanarrow in valentine pictures. They caas en Keewpid, and a shoots vokes' hearts droo and droo." The beginning of the book is chromolithographic and the end sad. All droo 'tis zementional. (Harper and Brothers. 148 pp. 3s. 6d.)

MISS BETTY.

By BRAM STOKER.

A pleasant love-story of Queen Anne and early Georgian days. The London life of the period is recalled, and there is a capital description of the race on the Thames for Doggett's Coat and Badge, in days when that function included a turnout of the royal boats manned by the King's watermen. A visit to Don Saltero's museum at Chelsea delights Betty, who, however, soon has more personal matters to attend to. As a desperate means to get money her lover takes to the road. How Betty saves him from perdition is the theme of this gallant tale. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 202 pp. 2s. 6d.)

POOR MAX.

By "IOTA."

The author of *A Yellow Aster* here studies a modern marriage. On the one side is Judith, an Irish girl, frank and impulsive and a passionate fighter for truth; on the other Max, a reckless, joyous young author, with the artistic temperament. Gradually they drift apart, and another man fills Judith's thoughts, and Max blunders merrily along, never just and always generous, until his death, which comes of too nobly caring for a sick friend. A powerful book of deep interest. (Hutchinson & Co. 362 pp. 6s.)

PLAIN LIVING.

By ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

The plot of Rolf Boldrewood's latest story suggests that of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, inverted and transplanted to Australia. A squatter, who has long had a hard fight to make his "station" pay, suddenly comes in for a huge fortune. His delight is accompanied by a fear that his wealth may sap the strength of his children, and perhaps soil their innocence; and he therefore conceals his altered circumstances. The station begins mysteriously to pay, repairs are carried out, the live-stock increase beyond all experience, and love matches are made. Only in the fulness of time does this strong-minded squatter reveal himself to his family as a Croesus. A hearty story, deriving charm from the odours of the bush, and the bleating of incalculable sheep. (Macmillan & Co. 316 pp. 6s.)

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING.

By PERCIVAL PICKERING.

In this story of misplaced affections and unhappy marriages the characters confide their troubles with improbable freedom to improbable sympathisers, while Aunt Letitia, a prim, sharp-eyed old maid, holds a brief for her chivalrous but weak nephew, Daniel Hardwick. The action takes place on an undefined stretch of sea-coast, and the sea moans between the lines. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 419 pp. 6s.)

THE BROOM OF THE WAR-GOD.

By H. N. BRAILSFORD.

A romance of the Greek and Turkish war just ended. But not a hurried effort thrown off to attract the interest of the moment; on the contrary, a piece of patient work. Mr. Brailsford brings together half a dozen picturesque adventurers—a saturnine Scotchman, an Englishman or two—Cockney and otherwise, a German, and free-lances of other nations. The Crown Prince also figures, and there is fighting. (W. Heinemann. 276 pp. 6s.)

THE GENERAL'S DOUBLE.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

A story of the American Civil War, dramatic and moving, and more or less certain to find its way to the stage. (Lippincott. 446 pp. 6s.)

THE SPANISH WINE.

By FRANK MATHEW.

A grim and gloomy romance of intrigue. Old Ireland is the background, and through the dusky pages flit lord and lady, lover and mistress, monk and dwarf, and other mysterious characters. Much of the story is retrospective, and all is vague and Gothic and eerie. (John Lane. 180 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DEAD MEN'S TALES.

By CHARLES JUNOR.

In form, a yellow-back, with a picture on the cover representing a stockman finding two skeletons in the Bush. In character, a collection of those stories which Australia produces with remarkable ease, and the *Sydney Bulletin* is pleased to print. The author writes an introduction to show that certain of his yarns are founded on fact and to lay down the rules of the short story. He offers also criticism of some contemporary novelists. It is not acute. (Sonnenschein. 269 pp. 2s.)

TALES OF THE KLONDYKE.

By T. MULLETT ELLIS.

The narrator of these episodes in the Klondyke diggings declares that he was a pure Cockney before he went out West. He tells how he and Dave Smith "diskivered" gold, and how he starved, and loved, and was raided by Indians; and his language throughout is a blend of ultra-Cockney and ultra-Yankee: "My ears got frost-bit, so I 'ad to be careful arterwards. It was jis' a caution to me. I wrapped wal up fer the res' o' the winter—you can pawn your shirt on that!" (Bliss, Sands & Co. 164 pp.)

MURRAY MURGATROYD, JOURNALIST.

By CHARLES MORIER.

Murgatroyd's grasp of politics in the *Pioneer* is noted by Sir Richard Hanley, who sends for him and entrusts him with the task of obtaining for the Government certain documents relating to the Transalpine difficulty. These are in the possession of a wealthy Mr. Muller, who keeps them in his bedroom in a remote Devonshire village. Meanwhile, Sir Richard's daughter has been robbed of her watch in St. James's Park. Murgatroyd undertakes to find the documents and the watch. This story of his quest, and its rewards, is cleverly written. (Laurence & Bullen. 152 pp. 1s.)

A STORM-RENT SKY.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

The French Revolution as it affected humble village life in the Champagne district is the theme of this series of episodes. The story attains its climax in Paris at the execution of Danton. (Hurst & Blackett. 354 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Fourth Napoleon: a Romance. By Charles Benham.
(W. Heinemann.)

MR. BENHAM calls his story a romance, and the name fits. It is the tale of a new Buonapartist revolution in France, and the discovery of the lost Fourth Napoleon in a briefless barrister, formerly of Pimlico. We have no wish to reveal the highly original design; suffice it to say that the Emperor, when found, is an incapable dreamer, who passes from incapacity to infamy, till the farce plays itself out, and the poor puppet dies a coward's death, with his fine palace of cards tumbled about his ears. We may as well point out at once what seem to us the few blemishes in the work. It is immoderately long, and the stage is perhaps overcrowded with

figures. Now, however careful the work, too great a length and too bewildering a company are apt to spoil any fictional effect. The emotional capacity of a climax is not so keenly felt when it is led up to through a maze of subtle half-portraits. The scheme, we repeat, seems to us brilliantly carried out; our only objection is that such a scheme is in some ways beyond fiction. Again, it is possible that the author uses his right to the fantastic almost to the verge of caricature. A slight tendency to overdo the Thackerayan method now and then perplexes the reader by casting a glamour of comedy over the tragic.

But the merits of the book are so real that one forgets little failures. The picture of the incapable, ambitious sentimentalist, attitudinising in his shabby London lodgings, attitudinising on the throne, and sinking into flabby senility, while still in his own eyes a hero, is far more than a successful piece of portraiture. It is a profound and moving allegory of life. When the monarch falls it is not the mere Walter Sadler who dies, but a part of all of us, which we acknowledge with terror. Surely to have produced such an effect is a high triumph of art. The other people—the girl Muriel, the Framlinghams, Brisson, de Morin, Carache—are all drawn with uncommon subtlety and vigour. Even when the author gives full rein to his freakishness, and riots in such oddities as Prince Felix and the Honourable Charles, there is a gift of epigram which covers much shrewd insight. Mr. Benham follows great models. He has learned much from Thackeray, and there is a strong hint of Balzac in the half-ironical swiftness of change from scene to scene, while the sinking character is the one thing that never varies. We have re-read the book with care and find no reason to modify our first opinion. It is a fine piece of work with enough wit and style and knowledge of life to set up half a dozen ordinary novels. Probably it is the author's first book, in which case it is one of the best first books we have read for a long time. Whether or not it will please the popular mind we cannot say. In an age when the world runs after sloppy domestic idylls, swashbuckling romances, and hysterical psychology, it may pass by the work of a man of intellect.

* * * *

David Lyall's Love-Story. By the Author of *The Land of the Leal*. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. BARRIE's literary mantle should be a voluminous one, judging by the number of Scots writer bodies whose deficiencies it must needs cover. In *Sentimental Tommy*, for the greater piquancy of the thing, Mr. Barrie brought his Scots to London, and to the author of *David Lyall's Love-Story* the same expedient has occurred. You would think that the London Scottish had their own quarter of the city, like any Jews of old their Ghetto, for whenever a new character is introduced—which is, at least, once in every chapter—straightway a "Hoots! mon" or a "Hech! laddie" bewrays his nationality. So, if you like undiluted Scots, and therewith an all-pervading optimism of vision, you will find *David Lyall's Love-Story* a readable thing: it is pleasantly and sympathetically told. But if you dislike the dialect, and rebel against optimism, leave it alone.

The structure of the book is episodic; two or three characters hold it together, but essentially a distinct episode or adventure constitutes each chapter. The central hero is David Lyall, a young journalist—Scots—who would venture his pen in London. He falls on his feet and joins the staff of a flourishing daily—with a Scots editor. To these come many other Scots in need of helping hands or brains, and none goes empty away. Thus in the chapter called "Stranded" you have the sad fate of a Scotch artist reduced to "screeving." David finds him at it:

"I did not see him anywhere, but observing a little throng of people on the other side I crossed over, and saw that they were taken up by a lot of pictures done in coloured chalks on the pavement of the street. It was something I had never seen or heard tell of, and I pressed forward to take them all in. Then a kind of 'dwam,' as my grandfather would have expressed it, came over me, for every one of the little landscapes, sharply outlined from each other, was a bit from Faulds. There was the auld brig with the burn below, fringed with the birks of Innesshall. And the village street, with Bawbie Windrum's shop window, and Peter Mitchell, the starling, in his cage at the door. And last in the row was my own home, The Byres, with the courtyard and the old draw-well faithful to the life. Up against the railings stood the forlorn and shabby artist, out at elbows, down at heels, with his

greasy hat drawn down over his brows, and a curious bitter smile on his mouth. One or two tossed a copper on the pavement ere they passed on, but he did not stoop to pick them up. Then I pressed through the throng and took him by the arm."

Needless to say, the "screever" is recovered from the pavement by the good David, to die in the odour of Scots sentimentality. We confess that we should like David and his editor better if they had one or two of those redeeming faults which journalists and even editors—other than Scots ones—do occasionally display. The "love-story," by the way, hangs about in the background while the crusades are going on, but ends happily at last.

* * * *

The Cedar Star. By Mary E. Mann. (Hutchinson & Co.)

MRS. MANN's new story is a clever study of wilful girlhood. In Betty, her heroine, she sets down a type not uncommon to-day: the spoilt, capricious child, so encouraged in her youth as to become selfish beyond all bounds, yet at heart capable of much that is good. We will not say anything of the plot, except this, that it shows how Betty progressed through suffering to self-repression and a more instant love of her fellow-beings. Mrs. Mann sees with sympathetic eyes, and writes well. Here is a description of a visit of Betty and her sister to Carleton (Billy), the curate, who is afterwards to play so large a part in her life:—

"'We hate all women,' said Betty; 'men are nicer. I shall hate myself when I am a woman, only I shall be of a sensible kind. I shall never wear my petticoats longer than my calves, and I shall always keep my hair hanging down my back.'

'Won't Betty look a darling?' inquired the ingratiating Jan. 'Cousin Violet looked a darling till she stuck up her hair; now she's frightful.'

'Billy's in love with Violet,' said Emily, with her dove-like temerity: 'I know, because Susan told me when she put me to bed.'

'Susan's an ass,' said Billy. 'Your confounded Paulie is creeping down the back of my neck, Jan,' he said. He had turned very red and cross, and no wonder, with the kitten in that position! 'Now, be off, all of you, and leave me in peace. I've got my sermon to write.'

'Don't do it,' advised Betty, unmovedly keeping her ground; 'don't preach one. Every one would be awfully glad. We can't go, Billy. You asked us to tea our first holiday. We've come.'

'Tea isn't for hours.'

'Tea could be.'

'We'll wait till Caroline comes in.'

'No, no. We don't want Caroline. Only you. Me to make the tea—and only you!'

'Betty to make the tea,' said the others, 'and only Billy!'

Of course they had their way. What could a young man, kind as a woman and simple as a child, do against the tyranny of the imperious woman-child and her satellites?"

There are stressful passages in the book which are handled with considerable power; but we prefer here to illustrate Mrs. Mann's lighter manner. The story is well worth reading.

* * * *

A Man with a Maid. By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. (Heinemann.)

THIS is a story with an entirely conventional plot. Tabbie, a milliner's apprentice, meets Tom Prideaux, a "gentleman," by the bandstand on Brighton pier. Tom falls in love with her—as a "gentleman" falls in love with a shop-girl; Tabbie, being an extremely simple girl, and very fond of Tom, goes up to see him at his rooms in the Temple—and stays with him for three weeks. Tom has no notion of marrying Tabbie, for it is understood that he is to marry his cousin Constance's money. And circumstances point to the propriety of Tabbie's union with John Starkey, a prosperous young butcher. But just as Tom has married Constance, and Tabbie is about to marry the butcher, Tabbie's sin finds her out; and the story comes to the only possible conclusion. Hundreds of stories have been written around this plot; hundreds more will be written. That, however, does not detract from the undoubted merits of this tale. The oldest plot is new enough if the actors are real; and Mrs. Dudeney's picture of the Maielli dressmaking establishment at Brighton is enough of itself to make her book worth reading. Mrs. Day, the forewoman; "Mad Joel," the little Jewess; Clara Porter, the machinist;

Hortense Lorient and "Cockaninny," to say nothing of Mme. Maielli herself—all are distinct and vivid, resembling one another only in their foolishness, their pettiness, and the love of admiration that leads continually to moral disaster. The insipidity and dulness, too, of the lower middle-class life in Dissenting circles, where the chief delights are a hot Sunday dinner, an afternoon nap, and chapel in the evening, are drawn with a remorseless attention to detail of which Mr. George Gissing would not be ashamed. And the writer who can persuade, as Mrs. Dudeney persuades, that the actors are living, breathing people has small occasion to worry over a lack of originality in the plot.

It strikes us, however, that Mrs. Dudeney would have written an even more convincing book if she had devised it on a smaller scale. Nothing but long and arduous practice can teach the novelist the art of keeping a large number of characters moving without showing the strings. Mrs. Dudeney has let into her story more characters than she can manage, and some of them, such as Haybittle, the wealthy colonial, and Simpson, the artist, for lack of the attention which their creator has no time to give them, are too obviously mere lay figures. The lay figure is a common enough feature of the average novel; but this is something more than an average novel, and that we should notice its presence here by force of contrast with the live actors is in itself a tribute to Mrs. Dudeney's ability. *A Man with a Maid* is quite worthy of its place in the "Pioneer" series, a series which already contains such books as *The Red Badge of Courage*, *A Street in Suburbia*, and *Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband*.

ANTHOLOGIES IN LITTLE.

I.—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE repute of Michael Drayton has been the sport of time: half a dozen of his poems are on the lips of men; the bulk of them sleep undisturbed in the dust. His own prolix pen is no doubt largely to blame. The principal attempt at a modern reprint foundered on the terrible *Harmony of the Church*, to which even the scandal of episcopal censure can hardly give breath of life; and the bravest scholar might quail at tackling the mazes of that versified gazetteer, the *Polyolbion*, wherein, as Charles Lamb said, Drayton went over his native soil "with the fidelity of the herald and the painful love of a son." Yet even in the *Polyolbion* there is much excellent reading, fine gold in the ore for whose has the patience to extract it; while from the rest of Drayton's innumerable volumes you might easily gather an anthology—as Mr. Bullen indeed has done, if one can only find it—of considerable bulk and extraordinary merit. For Drayton was a real poet, a man of rich temper and strenuous ardours. Adversity drove him to hack-work—the journalism of verse—as it has driven so many good men to journalism before and since. It brought him even into bondage to that pawn-broking tyrant of the theatre, Henslowe, who to so many of his betters doled out a grudging pittance. But ever and anon the unconquerable spirit asserted itself, and flamed forth in splendid ode, finely wrought sonnet, or delicate pastoral.

Drayton sprang from those leafy Warwickshire meadows to which so much of the best Elizabethan poetry owed its debt. He was of middle-class folk, the thews and sinews of England—was, in fact, the son of a butcher. He found wealthy patrons, among them Prince Henry, the much-wept Marcellus of the land, and the incomparable Lucy, Countess of Bedford, theme of so many songs that Ben Jonson well named her "the Muses' morning and their evening star." But Drayton seems to have been a man of independent soul, and apt to make patronage difficult. And he ruined his chances at Court by offending one greater than Henry, even James himself. He committed the indiscretion of praising James with indecent haste before he had remembered the formality of mourning Elizabeth. Therefore he was in the hands of the booksellers all his life, and the "swarth and melancholy face" of his portraits bewray one who has gone through the furnace of affliction. "My soul," he writes to Prince Henry, "hath seen the extremity of Time and Fortune."

He had an individuality. Beginning his poetic career as a disciple of Spenser, he succeeded in throwing off the benumbing influence, and worked his way by himself to a truer and finer lyricism. He learnt to handle the pastoral more freely and with

truer vision than any Spenserian: he learnt to draw from the Lyra Heroica a richer harmony than that of the "Faerie Queene." In the shaping of that characteristically English form of the sonnet, which culminated in Shakespeare, Drayton, too, played his part: his "Amours" to the mistress whom he names Idea, and whom recent scholarship has identified as Anne Goodere, served as an indisputable model for the greater man. The crowning feature of his work is surely its inexhaustible variety: he turns easily from the intensity of his most famous sonnet to the exultant march of the "Agincourt" poem or to the dainty fairy-world of the "Nymphidia." He often forces the note; he is often tedious, often flat and uninspired: but the poet is there behind it all, ready to thrill you, when the moment comes, with unexpected melody and rare intuition.

VALEDICTION.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free!
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

TO HIS COY LOVE.

A CANZONET.

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore
That can but will not save me.
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O these are but too powerful charms
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone;
I cannot live without thee.

A SUMMER'S EVE.

Clear had the day been from the dawn.
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.
The rills, that on the pebbles played,
Might now be heard at will;
This world they only music made,
Else everything was still.
The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tired.
And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.

DAFFODILL.

Batte. Gorbo, as thou camest this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my daffodill?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never bath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phoebus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describest the daffodill!
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my daffodill's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepherd that doth keep,
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Batte. Yet, Gorbo, thou deludest me still;
My flower thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty daffodill
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass;
They call her Daffodill.

Whose presence as along she went
The pretty flowers did greet
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
'There goes sweet Daffodill.'

Batte. Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill:
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy;
Let us to Daffodill.

CHATS WITH WALT WHITMAN.

UNDER this title Miss Grace Gilchrist prints in the February number of *Temple Bar* a series of interesting little talks with "the good grey poet." It was in the quiet Quaker city of Philadelphia, towards the close of the poet's life, these meetings were held. Walt Whitman lived in the somewhat dreary and ugly suburb of Camden, New Jersey, and he would, says Miss Gilchrist, on many a fine afternoon cross by the five o'clock ferry to Philadelphia, and taking the car, reach our house in time for tea-supper. After that was over, we would all take our chairs out, American fashion, beside the "stoop"—that is, on to the pavement, below the front steps of the house. The poet sat in our midst, in a large bamboo rocking-chair, and we listened as he talked, on many subjects—human and literary. Walt Whitman was at this time fifty-eight, but he looked seventy. His beard and hair were snow-white, his complexion a fine colour, and unwrinkled. He had still, though stricken in 1873 by paralysis, a most majestic presence. He was over six feet, but he walked lame, dragging the left leg, and leaning heavily on a stick. He was dressed always in a complete suit of grey clothes with a large and spotless white linen collar, his flowing white beard filling in the gap at his strong sunburnt throat.

The authors he talked most of were Homer, Shakespeare, Scott, George Sand, and Bulwer Lytton; Scott he loved even better than Shakespeare. One quaint method of reading which he indulged in would have driven the devout book-lover wild. He would tear a book to pieces—literally shed its leaves, putting the loose sheets into the breast pocket of his coat—that he might pursue his reading in less weighty fashion under the branches of his favourite trees at Timber Creek. Many have averred that they never heard him laugh—he laughed rarely, but when he did, it was a deep, hearty melodious laugh. He laughed at very simple things—homely jests, and episodes in daily life.

He was quite indifferent, however, to any form of persiflage, repartee, chaffing, or any form of "smart" talk—remaining always perfectly grave and silent amid that kind of by-play; or, as with an importunate questioner, generally withdrawing himself altogether from the group of talkers and finally leaving the room. In his large, serene, sane personality there was no room for trifling or the display of "intellectual fireworks"; with him existed no *arrière pensée*. His phraseology was direct and simple, free from all bookishness or studied grace of expression. He stuck to homely Yankee idioms, with a fair percentage of slang.

One evening in October, one of those lovely, warm, still evenings of the American fall, the conversation turned on beauty. Walt doubted if extreme beauty was well for a woman.

"But," queried one, "how could the Greeks have got on without it?"

"Now arises the almost terrific question," answered Walt: "is there not something artificial and fictitious in what we call beauty? Should we appreciate the severe beauty of the Greeks? The wholesome outdoor life of the Greeks begets something so different from ours, which is the result of books, picture galleries, and bred in the drawing-room." The grace of the Venus of Milo is here instanced. Another talker (a woman) suggests that her face lacks intellect. Walt rejoined energetically, "So much the better. Intellect is a *flend*. It is a curse that all our American boys and girls are taught so much. There's a boy I take a great interest in; he is sent to a school in Camden, his people want him to be taught shorthand and three languages; why, it's like putting jewels on a person before he has got shoes."

Prof. Dowden was an English admirer whose letters Walt greatly prized. One passage in one of Prof. Dowden's essays especially appealed to him: "I was much moved—unspeakably so, by that quotation Dowden gives from Hugo—'Fine genius is like a promontory stretching out into the infinite.'"

He liked reading critiques on himself. In one of these chats by the creek, his friend asked him how he liked one which had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year (1877).

"I liked it," said Walt: "I was a good deal tickled by the title ('Walt Whitman the Poet of Joy')—the dashing off kind. I was so pleased with it that I wrote to the office of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Clive's address, sending a portrait of myself, but received no answer." [The real name of the author of this appreciative article was Arthur O'Shaughnessy.]

"I sometimes wonder," he mused, "that I am not more ostracised than I am on account of my free opinions."

"Yes," replied his friend, "we are almost completely so. In Philadelphia the question is—What church do you go to?"

"Good, you don't know what you escape by it. It is well to go to church sometimes to see what people are like. For my part, I am so out of these things, that I am quite surprised, when I go, to find myself living in such a different world. The people round here have been warned by the school director of my poems, and that I am an improper person, and bad character for the young men and maidens to associate with. The time of my boyhood was a very restless and unhappy one; I did not know what to do."

Of the late Mr. Addington Symonds, Walt spoke with very warm regard, and of his literary admiration he was justly proud.

"What Mr. Symonds admires in my books is the comradeship; he says that he had often felt it, and wanted to express it, but dared not! He thinks that the Englishman has it in him, but puts on gruffness, and is ashamed to show it."

Walt Whitman was not a full or copious letter-writer; his letters were, in the main, more like telegraphic despatches than letters, the postcard being his favourite mode of written communication.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE proposal to found a Lewis Carroll cot at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street has been taken up by the *St. James's Gazette*, and is supported by a strong committee. A sum of a thousand pounds is needed, and subscriptions may be sent to the hon. treasurer of the fund, Mr. J. T. Black, of the firm of Messrs. A. & C. Black, Soho-square, or to the editor of our contemporary. The following passage from Mrs. Meynell's article on the subject, printed in the *St. James's Gazette*, is much to the point: "A whole edition of *Alice in Wonderland* was given away by that generous hand to the children in hospital wards many years ago; and now that he is gone it is to this half of his love of children that we turn for the inspiration of a lasting remembrance of him. While he lived it was most evident that he made the happy a little happier; since his death, and while his friends mourn for him, it becomes more appropriate that in his name we should try the other way and make the suffering a little happy. We have not to go far in quest of suffering, and the succour of the hospital is an accessible thing beyond all price."

ONE of the last things that Lewis Carroll wrote for children was an introduction to a little story just published, by Mrs. E. G. Wilcox, called *The Lost Plum Cake: a Tale for Tiny Boys*. In this introduction Lewis Carroll talks to parents very wisely about the dreadful times children have in church in sermon time—understanding so little, and being obliged to sit quite still. For their relief he makes a startling proposal:

"Would it be so very irreverent to let your child have a story-book to read during the sermon, to while away that tedious half-hour, and to make church-going a bright and happy memory, instead of rousing the thought, 'I'll

never go to church no more'? I think not. For my part, I should love to see the experiment tried. I am quite sure it would be a success. My advice would be to keep some books for that special purpose—I would call such books 'Sunday-treats'—and your little boy or girl would soon learn to look forward with eager hope to that half-hour once so tedious. If I were the preacher, dealing with some subject too hard for the little ones, I should love to see them all enjoying their picture-books. And if this little book should ever come to be used as a 'Sunday-treat' for some sweet baby-reader, I don't think it could serve a better purpose."

Of one thing we are sure: Lewis Carroll's own books have long been the child's antidote to sermons. If they have not been taken to church, they have filled little minds in sermon time with visions of delight, and have been responsible for much stifled laughter.

A SLIGHT collection of Lewis Carroll's more serious verse, selected mainly from *Phantasmagoria* (1869), has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title *Three Sunsets*, accompanied by twelve delicate and graceful pictures by Miss E. Gertrude Thomson, which have, however, small relation to the text. Lewis Carroll's grave poems are not of conspicuous merit. They are fluent, lucid, and tender; they do not haunt the caves of the mind. The "Lesson in Latin," reprinted from the private magazine of a Boston school, and "Puck Lost," here printed for the first time, are more welcome. This is a stanza of the "Lesson":

"Our Latin books, in motley row,
Invite us to our task—
Gay Horace, stately Cicero;
Yet there's one verb when once we know,
No higher skill we ask:
This ranks all other lore above—
We've learned 'Amare means to love.'"

And here is "Puck Lost":

"Puck has fled the haunts of men:
Ridicule has made him wary;
In the woods, and down the glen,
No one meets a Fairy!
'Cream!' the greedy goblin cries—
Empties the deserted dairy—
Steals the spoons, and off he flies.
Still we seek our Fairy!
Ah! What form is entering?
Loveliest eyes and laughter airy!
Is not this a better thing,
Child, whose visit thus I sing,
Even than a Fairy?"

A ROMAN correspondent states that the Eternal City has now quite a little circle of English and American literary people. Mr. Gissing, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Hornung represent fiction; Lord Rosebery and Mr. Haweis, criticism; and Mr. Astor, patronage. The principal poet is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the author of the magnificent *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, who is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Howe, the other day, read a paper on "Pessimism and Optimism," which was listened to, among others, by Bjornsterne Bjornson.

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY has decided to confer upon Mr. Barrie the honorary degree of LL.D. This does not, we trust,

mean that Mr. Barrie will be called Dr. Barrie. But that is impossible. It is hard to think of the author of *My Lady Nicotine* as a Doctor of Laws!

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has caught the infection. The author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, who can convince us of the reality of imaginary kingdoms, must now fall back upon the kingdoms of history. This seems to us a pity. *Simon Dale*, his new novel, is of the period of Charles II. The Duke of Monmouth and Nell Gwynne are among the characters. It is told in the first person—thus: "I, Simon Dale, was born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year of Our Lord sixteen-hundred-and-forty-seven." Mr. Anthony Hope has indeed caught the infection.

THOSE readers of *Punch* who in their minds credit Mr. Seaman with the text of "Animal Land" are mistaken. Both pictures and descriptions are the work of Mr. E. T. Reed. We congratulate Mr. Reed on his double gift.

THE Paris students who have been hooting and insulting M. Zola during his splendid campaign do not, we are glad to say, represent the opinion of all educated youths in that city. The editor of *L'Œuvre*—a "Revue polyglotte ouverte aux jeunes"—M. Jean Sévère, addresses to the novelist an ode of enthusiastic felicitation on his action, in the name of a group of students and young Frenchmen.

MR. R. W. CHAMBERS's new romance, *Lorraine*, which has not yet reached this country, is spoken of well in America. Whatever its claims to serious notice may be, it cannot be denied that the author's prefatory poem has unusual charm and beauty:

"When Yesterday shall dawn again,
And the long line athwart the hill
Shall quicken with the bugle's thrill,
Thine own shall come to thee, Lorraine!
Then in each vineyard, vale, and plain,
The quiet dead shall stir the earth
And rise, reborn, in thy new birth—
Thou holy martyr-maid, Lorraine!
Is it in vain thy sweet tears stain
Thy mother's breast? Her castled crest
Is lifted now! God guide her quest!
She seeks thine own for thee, Lorraine!
So Yesterday shall live again,
And the steel line along the Rhine
Shall cuirass thee and all that's thine.
France lives—thy France—divine Lorraine!"

A good French translation of this poem should run through France like wildfire.

MR. CHAMBERS, however, seems to have gone further than justice would have dictated in some of his verdicts on contemporary Frenchmen, many of whom figure in the pages of his novel. Thus: "There, too, was Hugo—often ridiculous in his terrible moods, egotistical, sloppy, roaring. The Empire pinched Hugo, and he roared; and let the rest of the world judge whether, under such circumstances, there was majesty in the roar."

MR. MEREDITH's seventieth birthday was made the occasion of a very pretty compliment to the novelist. The following letter, signed by a number of men and women prominent in literary and public life, was sent to him:

"TO GEORGE MEREDITH:

Some comrades in letters who have long valued your work send you a cordial greeting upon your seventieth birthday.

You have attained the first rank in literature, after many years of inadequate recognition. From first to last you have been true to yourself, and have always aimed at the highest mark. We are rejoiced to know that merits once perceived by only a few are now appreciated by a wide and steadily growing circle. We wish you many years of life, during which you may continue to do good work, cheered by the consciousness of good work already achieved, and encouraged by the certainty of a hearty welcome from many sympathetic readers."

THE instigators were Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Gosse, and the signatories were J. M. Barrie, Walter Besant, Augustine Birrell, James Bryce, Austin Dobson, Conan Doyle, Edmund Gosse, R. B. Haldane, Thomas Hardy, Frederic Harrison, "John Oliver Hobbes," Henry James, R. C. Jebb, Andrew Lang, Alfred Lyall, W. E. H. Lecky, M. Londin, F. W. Maitland, Alice Meynell, John Morley, F. W. H. Myers, James Payn, Frederick Pollock, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Henry Sidgwick, Leslie Stephen, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Mary A. Ward, G. F. Watts, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Wolseley. The list does not, of course, include all prominent men of letters who have fought for Mr. Meredith's fame—we miss, for example, the names of Grant Allen, Frederick Greenwood and W. E. Henley—but it is complete enough to constitute firm testimony to Mr. Meredith's power and distinction.

At the same time several of the leading papers referred to Mr. Meredith's illustrious record in terms of eulogy. The *Times* had a particularly good article, from which we extract the following sentences:

"There are two elements in Mr. Meredith's work which have assured his victory. One is his delight, and his power of communicating delight, in humanity and its thousand activities; in men and women, in their health, their rapid movements, their loves, their antagonisms, their sorrows, and their joys. . . . And the second unapproachable gift of the author is his portrayal of women. It seems a strong thing to say, but it is a defensible position that the only English artist who has left the world a richer gallery of fair women than Mr. Meredith is . . . Shakespeare himself. Doubtless there is a certain conscious debt on the part of the modern writer: he has drawn much from 'Twelfth Night' and 'Much Ado,' from 'The Winter's Tale' and 'Cymbeline.' But it is a great achievement to learn well the Shakespearean lesson. To perform that task one must have some share of Shakespeare's qualities—something, at least, of his subtle insight and of his magical utterance."

The *Daily News* and the *Chronicle*, to name no others, had also generous and luminous estimates of Mr. Meredith's work.

On the other hand, the *Standard* offered its readers a most grudging estimate of Mr. Meredith's work, containing the following sentence—"Neither his men and women nor his plots possess, as a rule, much merit, though there are some exceptions in each case"—and ending with this odd comparison:

"Mr. Meredith has not much dramatic ability, but he is something of a philosopher; and the views of life which he conveys are often such as to merit attention—not always, indeed, for their truth, but rather for their originality. We should not rank him much below Charlotte Brontë, though the authoress of *Jane Eyre* leaped into a sudden popularity, which some might call notoriety, such as Mr. Meredith has never attained."

Truly is the *Standard* a Conservative organ. In its orthography, however, may be noticed a keen desire for change. Mr. Swinburne is docked of his final "e" and *Richard Feverel* comes out "Feveril."

BUT the *Standard* has lately gone curiously wrong in its spelling of proper names. One day this week its dramatic critic announced that at the Lyceum will shortly be seen a new comedy by Mr. H. D. Traill Hitchens—an amusing amalgamation of a well-known critic with a novelist.

A JAPANESE writer has been complaining, with some reason it will be admitted, of the poor pay of Japanese authors. The rate for the work of the best native novelists is between the maximum of one yen (equal to about one and elevenpence) and forty to fifty sen (a hundredth part of a yen) per page of 400 characters. We do not know what the merits of Japanese novelists are, but however poor their stories may be, they seem to need a Sir Walter Besant to fight for them.

THE poems of Jean Ingelow in one volume will be welcomed by many. This edition, which fills 831 pages, begins with "Divided" and ends with "Perdita." It is published by Messrs. Longmans, and a portrait of the author—somewhat of a pathetic figure this, with wistful eyes—is given as a frontispiece.

THE shuffling of magazines continues. Messrs. F. V. White & Co. have just purchased *The Ludgate Monthly*, which was bought a few years ago by *Black and White* from the original proprietor.

THE following curious advertisement appears in the *Author's Circular*:

"SENSATIONAL ARTICLE.

'SELLING A STATE SECRET,'

BEING

A circumstantial account of the manner in which a secret of the French Government was marketed in London. No names are given but the representations made by the vendor as to the genuineness of the thing; to whom applications were made; who wanted the secret; and how it was ultimately disposed of, with other particulars, are given in full. First firm offer will be accepted.—Apply, &c."

FROM the *New York Critic* we take the

following advertisement, also in its way remarkable:

"Rudyard Kipling's 'Recessional'"

The most famous poem of recent years

ON DICKINSON HAND-MADE PAPER

Rubricated Title and Signature (in facsimile of autograph)

SHEET SIX BY EIGHT INCHES

Ten cents net per copy. One hundred copies, \$7.50"

It is a little odd to see a poem which is notoriously out of print in the country for which it was written, being offered by hundreds in America.

WE have received the following request:

"On March 20 Henrik Ibsen will complete his seventieth year. This day will be celebrated with great festivals in the literary world of the North, as well in Norway, the poet's native land, as in Denmark, from which country the poet's works are sent out, and to which he is bound with so many and so strong ties. The principal book-publishers will send out commemorative writings, and the theatres are preparing series-performances of plays by Ibsen. The daily paper *Politiken* in Copenhagen, the greatest and most widely circulated daily paper of Denmark, intends to contribute to the celebration of the day by publishing a paper, to which we take the liberty of applying for your kind assistance. Through these lines we apply to the eminent writers of Europe and America. We beg you to communicate to the readers of our paper, in a few lines (we should prefer thirty as a maximum), some impression you have received from Henrik Ibsen, his works, his rank as a dramatist, or as a thinker, his influence, if he has had any, on the literature of your country, which of his works you know, which you value most, &c., &c. We beg you to give perfectly free utterance to your opinions, whichever they may be."

Our opinions are too complex to be uttered lightly; but we wish well to the *Politiken's* scheme.

Summer Moths, Mr. Heinemann's new play, which is published this week, was sent by the author, while still in MS., to a critic whose opinion he "especially valued." This gentleman, described by Mr. Heinemann as "peerless among those who sit to judge" (who can he have been?) "expressed astonishment at the relentless morality of the play." Such was not the view of the Licensor of Plays, who, for "acting purposes," at once proceeded to remove the "relentless morality": thus making *Summer Moths*, so Mr. Heinemann tells us, "if not positively immoral—unmoral, to say the least." The play is now printed as originally written.

IF a moral play be a play where the villain of the piece reaps in the fourth act what he sowed in the first, then *Summer Moths* is a moral play. We presume that Mr. Heinemann wrote it as a warning to young men that if they seduce the parlour-maid and the lady housekeeper disagreeable consequences are bound to ensue. In this case there is a kind of double or reflex moral, due to the modern rendering of an ancient command, which becomes "the sins of the children shall be visited upon the fathers." For Philip's father also suffers.

This unfortunate gentleman (he is a General and a K.C.B.), after having had the pleasure of calling his son a hound, and telling him to "go-go-to hell," is exiled. "I am driven out from the home of my ancestors, to spend an old age of disgrace and misery among strangers. Fact is, I am unfit now to think of again serving my Queen." At this juncture two American ladies are real kind to him:

"MRS. WATSON: 'Let us, in your great trouble, stand by you—be your friends, your comforters. Join us on our journey.'

MISS WATSON (*very softly*): 'Come with us—come with us!'

GENERAL: 'Ladies, I thank you. You are right; there is no place for me in England. (*Taking both their extended hands.*) Let us continue our journey.'

So ends the play.

MARK TWAIN, in the immortal legend of the fishwife, has offered a specimen of German as she is constructed and sexed. From a little leaflet of news issued by an English clergyman in a little German town, for the benefit of his parishioners, we take another specimen, consisting of a re-translation by himself (into Teutonised-English) of an English paragraph, describing the arrival of an elephant in London, which had been translated into German:

"Scarcely had the Overseers the Backs turned, when the colossal Thickskinnedone with a single Movement his Chains broke and quietly away-walked. Very cleverly made he himself his Way between all the betweenstanding Carriages and Loadcarts through, until he into the open Street succeeded. It was yet very early on the Morning and therefore yet rather foggy and manempty. Suddenly before a Bakers-showwindow Halt making, observed he for himself the fresh, outlaid, appetising White-loaves. A weak Push of the mighty Head sufficed in order the whole Window out to lift, and a single Wave of the Trunk swept the whole steaming Bakedwares on to the Street-pavement. In the midst between the steaming Bakery stood he now, and let himself one Bread after the other devour. There however neared the Bumbailiffs [*Haescher: see Flügel*] in Form of his Keeper and laid to the Burglar the Handkow. The Baker received as Damages the by him demanded Sum of 78 Shillings."

A VIENNESE sculptor, Ernest Hegenbarth, has completed a bust of Mark Twain, which is said to be an excellent likeness. The original belongs to the sitter, but no doubt casts will some day be procurable.

WE have much pleasure in making it known that the good folks of Crofton-hill Ranch, Florence, New Mexico, are anxious to establish a circulating library and literary institute in their midst. One of their number is by way of being a poet, and he has sent in a volume entitled *Alamo, and Other Verses*, with the information that the proceeds of the sale of the volume will be applied to defraying the expense of supplying Crofton-hill Ranch, Florence, New Mexico, with the above luxuries. Such faith deserves reward.

MR. KIPLING, in "McAndrew's Prayer," makes the old engineer utter the plea:

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam!"

It seems that a poet, although not exactly a Robbie Burns, had already arisen to do so some years before. An American writer, named George W. Cutter, wrote the "Song of Steam" in the middle of the century; and a capital song it is, as the following extracts will show:

"How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.
When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;
When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing wheel,
Or chained to the flying car!
Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength."

THE following pithy sentences are printed on the little book-marker which is distributed among the young members of the Library League, in connexion with the Cleveland Public Library, Ohio. They are sensible enough to be worth copying in children's libraries in this country:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

Or lean your elbows on me when you are reading me. It hurts.

Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

Or putting between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of paper. It would strain my back.

Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean and I will help you to be happy."

THE Duke of Devonshire will preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund at the Whitehall Rooms on Tuesday, May 17.

A SUPPLEMENT to Dr. Spiers's French-English and English-French dictionary is in preparation. Prof. Victor Spiers requests that suggestions for additions and corrections may be sent to him at King's College London.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY, the author of *Dr. Janet of Harley Street*, has written a new novel, entitled *Woman and the Shadow*. The heroine is a *parvenu*. The book will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. early in March.

A HANDBOOK to the coming County Council Election will be issued immediately as a "Westminster Popular" from the office of the *Westminster Gazette*. Its title will be *The Fight for the County Council: an Elector's Catechism; or, One-Hundred-and-One Reasons why every Loyal Londoner should Vote Progressive*. It will deal in dialogue form with all important questions before the electors, and will be illustrated with cartoons and sketches by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould.

EARLY next month will be published a second series of *The Law's Lumber Room*, by Mr. Francis Watt. As in the first series, the essays deal with strange and picturesque parts of our old law. The subjects are fewer, but they have been discussed in greater detail. Among the articles are "Tyburn Tree," "Some Disused Roads to Matrimony," "The Border Laws," and "The Serjeant-at-Law."

A FEATURE of Mr. Budgett Meakin's *Romance of Morocco*, now preparing for the press, is the critical review of over two hundred volumes on that country in English, Spanish, French, Italian, German, Danish, Dutch and Arabic, the perusal of which has been a labour of years.

THE first number of a new periodical reaches us, in the shape of *The Sculptor*, an illustrated magazine for those interested in sculpture.

LIEUT. PEARY, the Arctic explorer, who will in June make a determined effort to reach the North Pole, has completed the narrative of his seven Arctic expeditions. The book, which is one of considerable length, will be published in April by Messrs. Methuen.

A PARODY of *The War of the Worlds* has been written, and will be published shortly in Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. The two authors, Messrs. C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, have agreed upon *The War of the Wenuses* as a title for their travesty.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish a small volume on *The Study of Children and their School Training*, by Dr. Francis Warner, of the London Hospital. Though addressed chiefly to teachers, parents, and others in daily contact with children, it will contain also information that is likely to be of interest to those who are called upon to direct education, philanthropy, and other forms of social work, as well as those concerned with mental science.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In editing a new edition of *Religio Medici* and Sir Thomas Browne's other essays (Smith, Elder & Co.) Dr. Morley Roberts has written an introduction which might serve as a model for similar undertakings. It is extremely convenient to have a brief and trustworthy memoir giving the salient facts of an author's life, and dealing as little as possible in mere opinion. This is the modest and sensible course pursued by Dr. Morley Roberts. He does not, however, leave us entirely without guidance. Effacing himself he reprints De Quincey's eloquent testimony, and a passage from Carlyle, so noble of itself, so worthy of its subject, that we cannot refrain from repeating it.

"The conclusion of the essay on urn burial is absolutely beautiful; a still elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint fitting faint under the canopy of heaven; an echo of deepest meaning from the great and famous nations of the dead."

Carlyle undoubtedly selected for this eulogy the finest passage ever written by "the great and solemn master of Old English." Those who doubt it will do well to read it again from the paragraph beginning "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." Significant, too, is the fact that the fullest appreciation of Browne comes from a mind of the nineteenth century. The intervening eighteenth—the century of Addison, Steel, Fielding, and Dr. Johnson—with its love of the positive, the lucid, the material, was out of sympathy with this prose dreamer and poet. Victorian England is more akin to that of Elizabeth and James than to the Restoration and post-Restoration period. Browne himself was a connecting link between the two last mentioned. He was born in 1605, a fortnight before the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, the year in which Bacon published his *Advancement of Learning*, when Shakespeare had still eleven years to live, and Milton was not born. He died in 1682, so that he lived through a stirring epoch in national history. "The world to me is but a dream or mock-show," he said, "and we all but pantaloons and anticks."

Dr. Browne was a very skilful and observant physician. In the *Letter to a Friend* (which we are glad to see included in this volume) several proofs of this are given. Take the account of his first visit to the patient for whose demise this is an epistle of consolation. It has a peculiar interest for the student of literature:

"Upon my first visit I was bold to tell them who had not let fall all hope of his recovery that in my sad opinion he was not like to behold a grasshopper, much less to pluck another fig; and in no long time after seemed to discover that odd mortal symptom in him, not mentioned by Hippocrates, that is, to lose his own face, and look like some of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle, the lines of whose face lay deep and invisible in his healthy visage before; for as from our beginning we run through variety of looks, before we come to consistent and settled faces so before our end, by sick and languishing

alterations, we put on new visages; and in our retreat to earth may fall upon such looks which from community of seminal originals were before latent in us."

Most of us who have been at a death-bed know something of this curious change, but to what effective purpose is it put in "In Memoriam"!

"As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those who watch it more and more,
A likeness hardly seen before
Comes out—to some one of his race:
So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred to the great of old."

Life to his sombre genius was almost wholly "a meditation on death." He looked forward to it with majestic calm during all the thinking part of a life of seventy-seven years, and he met it fearlessly at last. He seems to have carried on the processes of faith and doubt in separate compartments of his brain so that one never interfered with the other. Indeed, his scientifically trained mind found the oddest objections to inspiration, as, for instance, when in one of his most pious moods it suddenly occurs to him to ask how Moses reduced the golden calf to ashes, for "that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire grows only hot, and liquefies and consumeth not." Further on he recalls the assertion of the "chymicks" that at the last fire "all shall be crystallised and reverberated into glass." But these and a hundred other casually stated difficulties are dealt with wholly by the understanding; they do not influence his faith in the slightest. The man of science, as is seen over and over again in his "Vulgar Errors" can bring cold irrefragable logic to the demolition of beliefs he is out of sympathy with, but the same man on the other side of his nature is a religious poet—mystic, credulous, and steeped in superstition. He is a firm believer in witches and witchcraft, corresponds with alchemists and astrologers like Dr. Dee (misprinted Lee in this volume), and has a hankering after the Philosopher's Stone.

His great contemporary Milton has said that to write an epic you must live an epic, and Browne has left on record an obverse of this truth that puzzles his latest as it did his earlier editors.

"Now for my life," he says in the *Religio*, "it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not an history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in."

Upon this Dr. Morley Roberts, following Dr. Johnson, coldly remarks that "its actual incidents would justify no such description"; therein he reverts to the eighteenth century. What we have to remember is that Browne was literally cradled in mysticism. "His father," relates Mrs. Littleton, "used to open his breast when he was asleep and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." The point is curious because it illustrates a vulgar misapprehension of romance. Had Browne, as a

Cavalier or Roundhead, undergone perilous adventures and hair'sbreadth escapes, witnessed "battles, sieges, fortunes," and cut a striking figure in the Civil War, then if heart and brain had been as callous and unimpressionable as they usually are in the soldier type, to the common mind he would have been a hero of romance, his life would have been a poem. But true romance lies not in the action but in the spirit, and he whose imagination saw the air thronged with angels and night populous with devils and spectres, to whom all creation was a perpetual wonder and mystery, and death only the beginning of life, even in tranquil Norfolk, was, as Pater insists, a true romantic. "Every man is a microcosm," he says, "and carries the whole world about with him."

Unquestionably the best of his work is in the *Urn Burial*, where he had a theme peculiarly adapted to his genius. In the *Religio* there is a certain immaturity, emphasised to us by the fact that modern doubt and difficulties lie in a different atmosphere. The influence of Montaigne is also too fresh and vivid; inspiring him to write such paradoxes as the famous one laughed at so often since in the Ho-Eliañe letters and elsewhere. "I might be content to procreate like trees without conjunction," &c., a passage that reads singularly now we know that forty-one years of married life and twelve children were awaiting in the unseen future even as he wrote. Yet it contains some lovely examples of his style, such as the passage in which this occurs: "There is in the universe a stair or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion."

Urn Burial was written in the full and mellow maturity of his power, although there is visible even here some of that jotting and note-making which give his compositions more the air of rude drafts than finished pictures. Often, too, one sees by the impotent conclusion of a paragraph that he likes to call up a succession of fine images merely for the pleasure of beholding them. A single quotation will illustrate this:

"Why the female ghosts appear unto Ulysses before the heroes and masculine spirits; why the psyche, or soul, of Tiresias is of the masculine gender, who being blind sees more than all the rest in hell; why the funeral suppers consisted of eggs, beans, smallage, and lettuce, since the dead are made to eat asphodels about the Elysian meadows; why, since there is no sacrifice acceptable nor any propitiation in the covenant of the grave, men set up the deity of Morta, and fruitlessly adored divinities without ears, it cannot escape some doubt."

It belonged to the character of his mind that he delighted to pose himself with unanswerable queries, such as "What songs the syrens sang," or "What name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women." He died as he foretold—on his birthday; and "the tragical abomination" he dreaded was perpetrated on his bones, which were "knaved out of the grave," and his skull placed on exhibition at Norwich in 1840—three centuries after death.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

X.—AN AMBASSADOR OF COMMERCE.

IN the course of a desultory conversation in the hotel smoking-room it came out that the big man with the iron-grey beard had just come back from Canada. Further enquiry elicited the information that once every year he made a business trip across the Atlantic, and that altogether he had crossed thirty-four times. I had noticed as I entered the room that he was reading a penny paper-covered novelette, which he laid down on the table by his side in order to join in the conversation. The circumstance impressed me. Bearded men are not often seen with novelettes, which are usually supposed to be the joy of housemaids.

"I should uncommonly like a couple of long voyages every year," I remarked. "It would give me time to read such a lot of books that I shall never be able to read otherwise. Now I suppose you get through a deal of reading between here and Quebec?"

"It's about the only time I do read," he replied, "and I always lay in a big stock for the voyage."

"And how do you select your books? I always find that the very books I leave behind me on a holiday are just the books I wish I had brought."

"I never have any difficulty about that," he said. "For the last twenty-five years—more than that, I should say—I have stuck to the same plan. Just before I start I send out and buy the whole year's numbers of the *Family Herald*, and all the monthly stories in the *Family Herald Story Teller*. And then I sit down with a pipe and read 'em all through. If I don't get through them before I'm back in England again, I finish 'em up at odd times. If they don't last out, I start afresh on them, and read some of them again."

"I didn't know they were read much by men."

"Oh, don't you make any mistake! I always lend them, when I've done with them, to other men on board, and they like 'em better than anything. They're the most popular things on the ship."

"And they interest you? I should have thought they were scarcely—well—meaty enough—milk for babes, you know. But I've never read any of them myself."

"Ah, I expect you go in for what they call literature!"

"Well, I skim most of the books that get themselves talked about. Don't you care for the ordinary novel?"

"I can't understand what people see in the novels that are so popular. Now, a man on board wanted me to read *Phroso*. He said it was exciting. Well, I tried; but I couldn't do it. I wanted to shy it into the sea. There was another book, too, called *Many Cargoes*. That was a bit better; but I'd far rather read a *Family Herald* story."

"But in what point is it superior—say, to *Phroso*?"

"Well, now you ask me more than I can tell you. You see, I don't want to know

why I like a story. I know quite well when I do like it. And if I pick up one of these novels that people talk about I may like it or I may not. If I buy fifty-two *Family Herald*s I know that I shall enjoy reading them, every one of them. Some are better than others, of course. I'm told that a good many of them are written by really good writers; but I don't know anything about that. I only know that I've found out exactly the sort of reading that suits me, and I intend to stick to it. Ah, you may laugh."

"I'm not laughing. I'm rather envious of anyone who knows how to satisfy himself with such certainty."

"Well, you see, I don't ask for much. I only want a story that I can read easily while I'm smoking, and a story that will just take my mind and—put it to sleep, so to speak."

"Some people read to stimulate thought, you know."

"Well, I read to prevent myself thinking. That's the difference," he replied.

THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

VI.—THE COCKNEY SENTIMENT.

DR. JOHNSON would not have said with Sir Fopling Flutter: "Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert." But the sentiment was in his heart; and the Doctor's contempt for the country differed from Sir Fopling's only in being more discreet. For whereas Sir Fopling's arrows fell at Hyde Park-corner, the Doctor's flew from Fleet-street to Mull, and thence glanced off to Pekin. "What is Pekin?" one hears him exclaim. "Sir, ten thousand Londoners would drive all the people of Pekin; they would drive them like deer." In his writings Johnson showed himself no less London-proud. He snuggled within London, and declared that none but those who lived in it could conceive its happiness. Even when he defended the countryman from the gibes of the cockney—which he did once—the cockney was not so much cudgelled as the countryman was awed.

Dr. Johnson remains the typical exponent of the cockney sentiment. All the more is he that because he was a Londoner by adoption. There is no London-lover like the man who has fought for his footing in the metropolis, and would rather have gone under than have gone back. And Johnson, asserting the Fleet-street pavement, thrusting porters aside, but leading old women by the hand, ambling from tavern to tavern, and known as familiarly as Temple Bar, is the incarnation of the Londoner's joy in London.

The cockney sentiment has of course varied in nobility. In Johnson it was of the best workaday kind. It is not very noble in Lady Malapert: "O law!" exclaimed that lady, "what should I do in the country? There's no levées, no Mall, no plays, no tea at Siam's, no Hyde Park." It is no loftier in Shenstone's lady of the

ballad, who refuses a Lincolnshire squire's hand:

"To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor Indian to see!
Nor a laceman to plague in the morning—not she!"

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O Heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road."

Thus a woman of fashion. The man of fashion's feeling is usually nearer to Johnson's. He feels what women do not—the charm of mere place. To be in London, to be in the "full tide of existence," to "take a walk down Fleet-street," to saunter in the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall"—these are the delights to which he would choose to give expression. To the true Londoner London gives a nameless relish to pleasures equally possible in the country. Tom Hood's cockney moralised correctly when tempted into the country by his cousin Giles:

"After all, an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn Hill?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh butter wherever you will?
And a covered cart that brings cottage bread quite rustical-like and brown?
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.
Howsoever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vexed,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the old Ball and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down."

Dr. Johnson would have grunted approval of this. But the cockney sentiment has been enlarged since Johnson's day. London is loved now for many things which affected him not. The Londoner has cultivated his eye. Johnson, indeed, saw men, and heard men talk, and had the news hot from the press. But such a genuine little poem as Henry S. Leigh's "A Cockney's Evening Song" reflects a mood which Johnson never knew.

"Fades the twilight in the last golden gleam
Thrown by the sunset on upland and stream;
Glints o'er the Serpentine—tips Notting Hill—
Dies on the summit of proud Pentonville.

Temples of Mammon are voiceless again—
Lonely policemen inherit Mark-lane—
Silent is Lothbury—quiet Cornhill—
Babel of Commerce, thine echoes are still.

Far to the South—where the wanderer strays,
Lost among graveyards and riverward ways,
Hardly a footfall and hardly a breath
Comes to dispute Laurence—Pountney with Death.

Westward the stream of Humanity glides;
'Busses are proud of their dozen insides.
Put up thy shutters, grim Care, for to-day—
Mirth and the lamplighter hurry this way.

Out on the glimmer weak Hesperus yields!
Gas for the cities and stars for the fields.
Daisies and buttercups, do as ye list;
I and my friends are for music and whist."

In our own day London pride is not maintained on jests at the expense of the country. The truest singers of London life have watched the west wind on corn, have inhaled the pinewoods, and laughed under the smiting of clean rain. But they say, or rather Mr. Selwyn Image has said:

"Yet are these souls of coarser grain,
Or else more flexible, who find
Strange, infinite allurements lurk,
Undreamed of by the simpler mind,
Along these streets, within these walls,
Of cafés, shops, and music-halls.

I'll call not these the best, nor those:
The country fashions, or the town:
On each descend heaven's bounteous rains,
On each the impartial sun looks down.
Why should we gird and argue friend;
Not follow, where our natures tend?

The secret's this: where'er our lot,
To read, mark, learn, digest them well,
The devious paths our mortals take,
To gain at length our heaven or hell:
Alike in some still rural scene
Or Regent-street and Bethnal Green."

Even this is cold and argumentative. Mr. Henley, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Davidson, and other London poets, go further. They obliterate the distinctions between town and country. They see the march of the seasons in Holborn, and for them the sunset in St. James's Park would not be improved if the sea instead of the duck-pond rolled in its light. Such sight was not given to Johnson; such poetry could not have come from Lamb. Lamb's love of London surpassed Johnson's in breadth, in humanity, in detailed sympathy; but it had not the multitude of tendrils with which Mr. Henley's or Mr. Binyon's is furnished. He could exult, indeed, in the press of the Strand; but these can do more, they exult on a higher plane.

Yet the classical expressions of the love of London are Elizabethan still. Herrick's cry, on his return to town, stands in that class:

"From the dull confines of the drooping west,
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity!
Thus, thus, with hallow'd foot I touch the
ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune
crown'd.
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year;
O place! O people! manners! framed to
please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is; though by hard fate
sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the west return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time
fall;
Give thou my sacred relics burial!"

And it were strange if Shakespeare had not appealed to the cockney sentiment. Surely

he did so in the great chorus passage on the return of Harry the Fifth from Agincourt. For who can doubt that the Bankside audience appropriated it in that sense, and by it were confirmed in their London self-consciousness?

"But now behold
In the quick forge and working-house of
thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE question of literature in this present frenzied state of Paris is an idle one. At any other time two such notable books as *La Cathédrale* and *Le Désastre*, with their actual and historic importance, would have created a wide interest. Who reads them? Who talks of them? Who writes about them? First the *affaire Dreyfus* rolled a tidal wave of passion over Paris that threatened reason. It only subsided to burst in a menace of revolution in the *affaire Esterhazy*. Had Paris then possessed a man of any prestige or political power, she was ripe for a *coup d'état*. There was nobody, and one of the infinite psychological moments of her broken history passed in a gust of words and a few blows in the Chamber. The incident was useful to Forain and Caran d'Ache in the *Figaro*, and it produced considerable difficulties in social existence. In the dining-room, in the salon, in the smoking-room, the amenities of conversation are momentarily suspended. It has become positively dangerous to speak of anything but the weather to your dearest friend. And even the weather is sure, sooner or later, to bring us back to the dangerous latitude below the Equator, by the explosive mention of a certain island, and the eternal, inevitable question of Dreyfus's innocence or culpability. For there is no escape. As well have tried at the time of the war to ignore the existence of the Prussians. The fact demands the genius of a Goethe, and as we are all human and passionate and excitable here, we make no pretence to think of anything else.

The *affaire Zola* has at last landed us in full hysterics. Reason itself has flown. The city, from palace to basement, is divided into two camps. The army, with its despotic traditions, its inquisitorial pride on one side; Emile Zola, with his noble demand for justice to the individual on the other. Stevenson, in his delightful essay on Fontainebleau, noted two striking features in French and Anglo-Saxon character. The Anglo-Saxon is essentially dishonest; the French has no understanding of fair play. The lack of the most rudimentary conception of justice as an abstract right and virtue in the French mind is astounding. Sadder reading than that of the arguments of the anti-Semites, or the partisans of the army in this lamentable affair, could not well be

conceived. That Dreyfus, innocent or guilty, has an equal claim upon justice is what they would willingly rend you limb from limb if they could for daring to admit. A couple of days ago Saint-Genest, in the front page of the *Figaro*, wrote a long article in the name of the outraged army to which he has the honour to belong. Will it be believed that the argument he brought forward against the Revision, the basis of his belief in the unfortunate exile's guilt, was the fact that Dreyfus, a Jew, was *anti-pathetic to all his brother officers*, Christians! And the iniquity of this reasoning of a prejudiced schoolboy in so grave a case, where the honour and happiness of an entire family are concerned, which involves far more even than the life of a fellow being, has not struck a single reader of the *Figaro*, has not elicited a word of protest from any quarter.

The French are an interesting, a sparkling, a delightful race; but if I ever decide upon committing a crime I shall betake myself to the shores of perfidious Albion. Whatever the faults of the English—and they are not more perfect than the French—at least they do not publicly advocate the despatching of a British subject to distant penal settlements for life on the ground that he is generally anti-pathetic. Indeed, the amiable Saint-Genest went a step further. With a candour we can never sufficiently commend, however much it may shock us, he admits, because of this antipathy, that if it had rested with him he would gladly have "suppressed" Dreyfus instead of sending him to the Ile du Diable. This is refreshing. One asks oneself in dismay, Can it really be possible that we are at the end of the nineteenth century? What is the measure of the progress of civilisation, after all, if it leaves Paris to-day not considerably removed from the fifteenth? "Death to the Jews!" "To the river with Zola!" These are cries to give us pause in pain. And the excited state of society is assuredly not more comforting. To say that at a dinner-table, in a drawing-room, not a soul may dare honestly express his mind without terror of raising a commotion hardly less unseemly than that of the Chamber. I was lately in a salon where an honest young fellow was making his *début* in the social arena. Fresh from the redoubtable *quarter*, laurelled and diploma-ed, he was foolish enough to fancy he could speak as freely here as there; so he said, in a frank and boyish way: "I only hope they won't kill Zola." Silence and consternation around him. There was a military officer present. To him our hostess turned with a superb smile, by which she won pardon for mention of the awful name, and said quite loudly, as a hint to the offender: "General, have you resumed your study of Wagner?" Mighty powers! How the atmosphere has changed! Once it was Wagner's name which fanned the breath of revolution, and the Parisians tore each other to pieces outside the Opera House because "Lohengrin" was being played inside. To-day Wagner is the sedative, and Zola's name provokes sedition.

To turn to a more cheerful theme, M. Jean Hess has written a pleasant volume

on the soul of our coloured brethren. It is a stretch of imagination to call it *L'Âme Nègre*, for the soul, black or white, hardly enters into consideration. Something like a glimpse of it is seen in a cry from the "Nigger Bible":

"With the black, nothing, nothing but pain and hard labour, and also eternal desire. Why has the All-Powerful given us the envy and desire of ever more than we know, of ever more than we can hope to achieve? Why has He not given us force as well as desire? We are unfortunate."

For the rest, M. Hess paints them as content enough with their material resources. Here is an excellent portrait of one of their chiefs:

"Elado was a man of subtle mind, in great renown for his cleverness in finding out the truth in discussions (why not import him to Paris to preside over the *affaire Zola*, where, alas! such a chief is in terrible need). His eye was piercing. When he spoke to you he looked straight down to your heart. He discovered the colour of the words his ears imperfectly heard. The mouth of man is sometimes so full of traps that when the words come forth they have completely changed their garb. Elado heard with his eyes, he saw the words before wickedness or roguery had time to clothe them. In the councils it was said that to deceive him, and make him believe what was not true, it was necessary to make a special compact with the Spirit of Lies."

Decidedly, the Whites have gone further than the Blacks, and fared worse, since this subtlety and cleverness are not ours.

Un poète Egba is a tale with a touch of Kipling. Not so strong, or so dramatic, but with all Kipling's taste for raw, crude colours and strange words of remote and barbaric races. The same strain runs through *Majogbé*, but, though fresh and picturesque, it might with advantage be cut down half its present length, and gain thereby something of Stevenson's tense grasp and vitality. M. Hess has an agreeable style. He is a traveller and a sailor, like Pierre Loti, who brings us back rare scenes and characters, and names and traditions, and all this forms very bright reading. But to make it vivid and living to us, to give form and feature to these strange names, it needs the exquisite freshness of Stevenson's style, the unapproachable charm of Loti's, and the incommunicable genius of either.

H. L.

THE WEEK.

THE publications of the week are miscellaneous, but not unimportant; and the arrival of Dr. George Brandes's *Study of Shakespeare* is an event. A curious juxtaposition in our list is that of a history of Indian literature, beginning with the first Vedic bards, and a history of Australian literature starting from 1825!

DR. GEORGE BRANDES'S critical study of William Shakespeare comes in two volumes of more than four hundred pages each. These are bound in green buckram, and

the title is affixed on a label of vellum. The interest of the work can hardly be overstated. Dr. Brandes is an optimist on the questions of how far we do or may know Shakespeare. He concludes his second volume with these words:

"It is the author's opinion that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing whatever about him. The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him."

"The William Shakespeare who was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who lived and wrote in London during her reign and that of James, who ascended into heaven in his comedies and descended into hell in his tragedies, and died at the age of fifty-two in his native town, rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius."

PROF. MAX MÜLLER has published his recollections of men and things (some of which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*) in volume form. Prof. Müller has this pleasant account to give of the inception of his book:

"What are you to do when you are sent away by your doctor for three or four weeks of perfect rest? . . . I found myself in small lodgings at an English watering-place with nothing to do all day long but to answer a number of accumulated letters and to read the *Times*, which always follows me. What was I to do? Doctors ought to know that to a man accustomed to work enforced rest is quite as irritating and depressing as *travaux forcés*. In self-defence I at last hit on a very simple expedient: I began to write what could be written without a single book, and taking paper, pen, and ink—these I had never forsworn—I jotted down some recollections of former years. . . . I know, from sad experience, that my memory is no longer what it was. All I can say is, that the positive copy, here published, is as true and as exact as the rays of the evening sun of life, falling on the negative in my memory, could make it."

MR. R. W. FRAZER, whose *Literary History of India* is before us, is lecturer in Telugu and Tamil at University College. He wrote the volume on *British India* in the "Story of the Nations" Series, and he is the author of a little book entitled *Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands*, in which he treated Indian life and faiths in a popular manner. Those books, however, must have been trifling undertakings compared with this comprehensive critical survey of Indian literature. Mr. Frazer, of course, begins with the Aryan invasion. Thence he passes to the early Vedic bards, to Brahmanism, to Buddhism, to the great Epics and the Drama; and concludes with a consideration of "The Foreigner in the Land."

THE authors of *The Development of Australian Literature*, Mr. Henry Gyles Turner and Mr. Alexander Sutherland, write: "To Our Wives We Dedicate this Book; to the Reading Public we Commend It; to the

Critics we Submit It with Becoming Deference." An account of Australian literature is certainly no superfluous production. The writers say in their Preface:

"Australia has most assuredly produced no genius of the great, calm, healthful type. Her writers have, as a class, been ill-balanced in mind, and therefore have had more or less unhappy careers, or else they have bewailed at heart the woes of exile from the homes of early childhood, which, seen through the tenderly deceitful light of the dawn of memory, make the transplanted poet encourage a melancholy view of his new surroundings. Thus our literature has many sad notes in it, and not a few that are morbid. Still, we may claim that, such as it is, it now is gathering power to speak to the hearts of millions, and with the weight and importance it is thus acquiring there comes an increasing curiosity to know the story of its development, and the personal careers and characters of its chief writers."

It appears that the first book printed and published in Australia was a treatise *On the Cultivation of the Vine, and the Art of Making Wine*, by one James Busby. It was issued in 1825, and fell dead from the press.

MR. ANDREW LANG has written an Introduction to a little book, entitled *The Highlands of Scotland in 1750*. The basis of the book is an MS. which has long lain in the King's Library in the British Museum. Mr. Lang says that the author of the MS., which describes the Highlands in 1750, is unknown; but "it may be conjectured that the writer is a Mr. Bruce, an official under Government, who, in 1749, was employed to survey the forfeited and other estates in the Highlands."

MR. WALTER COPLAND PERRY dedicates his book, *The Women of Homer*, to the Queen, by permission. Mr. Perry has written his book for the general reader, packing his learning into Appendices for the benefit of Greek scholars. He writes:

"How lively and thorough may be the sense and understanding of classical antiquity in those who have little or no knowledge of the Greek language, is exemplified in very numerous instances. Who has portrayed Greek and Roman heroes so faithfully as Shakespeare, with his 'small Latin and less Greek'? Whose heart has been thrilled with greater rapture by the divine songs of Homer than those of Goethe and Schiller? Who has ever shown a more subtle instinct for Greek art and Greek poetry than Keats, in his 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' his 'Psyche' and 'Endymion'? Yet none of these were classical scholars; they derived their knowledge of Greek literature chiefly from translations. The same may be predicated of many of our most popular modern artists, who delight to take their subjects from the two grand Epics of Homer."

Mr. Perry has chapters on "The Magic of Homer," "The Position of Women in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*," "Marriage," and "The Dress of Women in Homer." The book is illustrated with photographs from ancient Greek and Roman statues. In these, says Mr. Perry, the dresses are archaeologically incorrect; but "pictorial and plastic remains of the Heroic age do not furnish sufficient examples of Homeric dress from which to derive satisfactory illustrations."

THE "Victorian Era" Series, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, has just been enriched by a critical study of Charles Dickens by Mr. George Gissing. Mr. Gissing does not favour his reader with a preface; but his twelve chapter-headings indicate clearly enough the aim and scope of this book. We have "The Growth of Man and Writer," "The Story-Teller," "Art, Veracity, and Moral Purpose," "Satiric Portraiture," "Style," &c.

By a coincidence there comes with Mr. Gissing's book a volume made up of occasional writings of Charles Dickens, contributed to old periodicals, and never till now reprinted. Mr. F. G. Kitton has written an Introduction, in which he says:

"For English readers the entire contents of the present volume will possess the charm of novelty, for here Charles Dickens is somewhat unexpectedly revealed to them in the rôle of essayist, critic, and politician. The majority of these fugitive pieces were actually produced at a period subsequent to the time when the name of the author of *Pickwick* became a household word, and are, therefore, essentially characteristic of his well-known literary style."

The story which gives the volume its title, *To be Red at Dusk*, was written in 1852 for the *Keepsake*, in compliance with an earnest request from Miss Power, who had succeeded Lady Blessington as editor of the annual. From the essays and sketches in the volume the reader may gather once more Dickens's views on capital punishment, popular education, copyright, and other social questions.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has put forth a slim book of "Devotional Love Poems" entitled *Spikenard*. They have a deeply spiritual character, and the title of the poem is justified in the following lines printed at the end of the book:

"As one who came with ointments sweet,
Abettors to her fleshly guilt,
And brake and poured them at Thy feet,
And worshipped Thee with spikenard spilt:
So from a body full of blame,
And tongue too deeply versed in shame,
Do I pour speech upon Thy Name.
O Thou, if tongue may yet beseech,
Near to Thine awful Feet let reach
This broken spikenard of my speech."

THE BOOK MARKET.

"WHAT HAS DANTE TO DO WITH ST. PANCRAS?"

THERE are apparently three orders of poets: great poets, whose works sell widely; mediocre poets, whose works sell somewhat; and Mr. W. A. Eaton, whose works sell enormously. Mr. Eaton's "Popular Poems" are to be seen in the windows of small news-vendors. Their price is a penny each, and they have enjoyed popularity for nearly twenty years. "The Fireman's Wedding"—Mr. Eaton's masterpiece—is in its one hundred and twenty-fourth thousand; "The Wreck of the *Princess Alice*" is in its thirty-third thousand; "Bill Bowker's

Wooing" is in its seventh thousand; and "The Rivals" and "The Theatre on Fire" are in their sixteenth thousands.

The secret of Mr. Eaton's success is not far to seek. He knows what the people like in the way of rhyme and sentiment, and he supplies it. His name is a household word in mean streets. He could probably answer Mr. John Morley's question, "What has Dante to do with St. Pancras?" more truthfully and pertinently than any man in London. To a great part of St. Pancras Mr. Eaton is Dante. By that or any other name he would be popular, because he is the people's poet, writing in their own language, and saying in rhyme what they are saying without rhyme. He is also an adept at bringing a lump into their throats; a luxury which the underfed working youth allows himself occasionally.

Here are the opening verses of "The Fireman's Wedding":

"What are we looking at, gov'nor?
Well, you see that carriage and pair?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir:
And arn't they a beautiful pair?"

They don't want no marrow-bone music,
There's the fireman's band come to play!
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day!

They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb."

The story is told in a score of verses—

"And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer."

Of course. And then we are back at the church door:

"And now, sir, they're going to get married—
I bet you she'll make a good wife;
And who has the most right to have her?
Why, the fellow that saved her young life."

A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they
are;
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!"

But Mr. Eaton is not always pushing everyday life to its extreme incidents. Fires and firemen are of his stock-in-trade, and there must always be movement, but not every cry of "Police!" or "Murder!" in Mr. Eaton's verses means a tragedy. In "A Little Mistake" they are raised in the course of a comical game of cross purposes resulting from Timothy Prout's walking into the wrong house—a mistake for which the reader is prepared by the following little photographic picture:

"He was tired of the bricks and mortar and noise,
The dust and the traffic and impudent boys,
The smoke and the din of the dark city street,
So he thought he would seek a 'suburban retreat.'
At Peckham a snug little villa he found,
With a garden at back, quite a nice piece of ground;
But the houses in front were so much like each other,
It was like picking out one twin from his brother."

The doors were alike, and the windows as well,
Even down to the shape of the knocker and bell;
And, as if to make the resemblance complete,
One key would unlock every door in the street."

Mr. Eaton is always very much on the side of the angels. Some of his poems are Temperance tracts, but they are far too human to be resented as such. Again, in "All the Winners" the obvious lesson is brought home mercilessly.

"Home: he crept in like a culprit,
Stole like a thief through the door;
And he heard, like the voice of a demon,
'All the winners! Special!' once more."

Alone in his own little chamber,
A pistol pressed close to his head,
That form full of life in the morning,
At night lay all ghastly and dead."

Alas for the sweetheart and mother!
Alas for the deed that was done!
If he were one of the winners,
Now tell me, What had he won?"

"Gentleman Dick" is a plea for the Sunday-school, and "A Kiss for a Blow" wears its moral in its title. We notice, however, that the songs which have run into their thousands are not these, but pieces like "The Wreck of the *Princess Alice*," which has still a large sale. The narrator is a husband who saved his wife and child in that catastrophe, and his story contains such pictures as this—

"And there in the river were hundreds
Going down with a cry of despair,
The top of the water seemed covered
With faces and long floating hair."

In "The Theatre on Fire" (the piece was a pantomime) we read:

"Who can describe the horror of that scene?
Some call aloud for friends that cannot come;
Some stand as if they asked what it could mean,
Yet seem by abject terror stricken dumb."

Meanwhile the flames spread quickly and destroy
The painted grotto in the 'Bowers of Bliss,'
And round the mimic 'Fairies Home of Joy'
They roar and flicker with defiant hiss."

Of course Mr. Eaton "did" the Jubilee. Here is the scene at St. Paul's:

"The eight cream coloured horses came proudly prancing by,
And the Queen was bowing, smiling; I saw some strong men cry;
It was the grandest sight I think the world has ever seen,
She's proud of her good people, and we're proud of such a Queen."

No doubt you read the papers, about the service there,
Upon St. Paul's Cathedral steps, the special hymn and prayer,
And how the good Archbishop, so dignified and grave,
Cried 'Cheers for Queen Victoria!' Six cheers the people gave."

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour" might be the motto on Mr. Eaton's collected works. But an alternative motto would be: "What has Dante to do with St. Pancras?"

DRAMA.

AFTER a period of commendable self-reliance, the English stage is again showing a disposition to lean upon adaptations from the French. Mr. Tree has commissioned an English version of M. Richepin's latest play, "*Le Chemineau*," which Mr. Parker is adapting under the title of "*Ragged Robin*"; and Sir Henry Irving is understood to have acquired the English rights of the most recent Parisian success, "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," a poetic and costume play by M. Rostand, a young author who has already forced the portals of the Comédie Française. So much activity in the importation of serious drama is unprecedented of recent years. Farce has always been a favourite *article de Paris*, and the disappearance from the bills of "*Never Again*," the successor to the highly popular Vaudeville piece, "*A Night Out*," has promptly been followed by the production at the Duke of York's Theatre of "*The Dovecot*," an English version of "*Jalouse*." "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" has added another to the many triumphs of M. Coquelin; but I must own to having some doubts as to the title-part being entirely suited to Sir Henry Irving. The hero of M. Rostand's play is a Gascon adventurer of the D'Artagnan type—a redoubtable swordsman, who is cursed with a nose of unsightly dimensions. This nose has its dramatic *raison d'être* in the fact that, despite his courage and gallantry, it alienates from its possessor the affections of the fair sex; so that *Cyrano de Bergerac* is compelled to woo his lady-love, Roxane, by deputy, a course which lands him in a series of romantic adventures recalling the days of chivalry. Such a piece naturally lends itself to romantic illustration, and, so far, would admirably fulfil the purposes of the Lyceum; but it is somewhat difficult to picture Sir Henry Irving in the part.

For the portrayal of such parts, requiring breadth, distinction and romance, M. Coquelin has a veritable genius. This sort of impersonation, to be sure, does not lie beyond the range of Sir Henry Irving's powers, which, as his Benedick has shown, comprise both gallantry and humour; but M. Rostand's hero is addicted to poetic tirades and declamatory speeches, which, though congenial to the French public, find little acceptance on the English stage, where the art of diction is so little cultivated. Moreover, the interest of the French play depends, to some extent, upon peculiarities of Gascon speech and character, which would necessarily disappear from an English adaptation. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Irving's early appearance as *Cyrano de Bergerac* appears to be ensured; and, after all, it may not prove a greater *tour de force* than his Napoleon in "*Mme. Sans-Gêne*," which, owing to the withdrawal of "*Peter the Great*," has reappeared in the Lyceum programme.

"*The Dovecot*" exhibits an ingenious inversion of the plot of ordinary French farce. It is not the husband who causes

anxiety to the wife, but the wife who supposes quite unjustly all manner of wickedness on the part of the husband. In fact, the lady is the victim of unreasoning jealousy. Technically speaking, the action of the piece is innocence itself, but the atmosphere is charged with so much suggestiveness that I do not know that morality gains anything from the unwonted show of delicacy on the part of the authors. The wife's weakness is promptly turned to account by the servants, who have discovered that whenever they want to have a quiet evening they can obtain it by playing upon their mistress's suspicions, the invariable result being a conjugal scene which causes husband and wife to shut themselves up in their respective rooms. Soon after the rising of the curtain a favourable opportunity for practising this device presents itself.

As the husband returns, supposedly from his club, the housemaid besprinkles his coat with scent, and plants two incriminating yellow hairs on his shoulder. No more is needed to ensure a domestic explosion. The wife's keen nose and eyes detect the evidences of the husband's guilt, and the usual recriminations lead to an appeal to the lady's parents with a view to a separation. Here by an ingenious *revirement* the dramatists show us the more attractive side of the medal. The parents might have been candidates for the Dunmow Flitch many times over. For thirty years they have lived a life of unbroken happiness. But hearing of the contemplated visit of their daughter and son-in-law, whose marriage is a failure, they resolve upon a little mystification of their own, arguing illogically enough that if they are seen quarrelling the young people will be disgusted with the idea of conjugal dissension, and will make haste to fall into each other's arms. Accordingly, when the erring son and daughter arrive, the aged couple appear to be engaged in a violent altercation. Unfortunately, Darby and Joan have not reckoned with the mischievous powers of a suspicious woman like their daughter; for in a short time, thanks to this lady's interference, the pretended quarrel is changed into reality, and the flagging story receives a fresh fillip. In the end, needless to say, the housemaid confesses to her trick and the warring parties are reconciled.

I must confess to finding the humour of such a story somewhat thin. "*The Dovecot*" is one of those pieces which are made to look more amusing than they really are. The actors rush to and fro in a general hurry-scurry; excitement appears to reach a high pitch, and, nevertheless, the spectators' pulse remains unquicken. This is the result of artificially stretching out into three acts a story which ought comfortably to be presented in one. In various ways, too, some instability of purpose on the part of the adapters is evident. The French authors felt the necessity of binding the two sections of the piece more closely together than the above analysis would show. With this view they contrived an episodic character, that of a general whose daughter

is engaged to a brother of the jealous wife's, and who is desirous of seeing what sort of family he is asked to link his fortunes with. As ill-luck would have it, the general visits both households while the domestic tension is at its greatest, whereupon in the French he calmly inquires of his intended son-in-law, "*Vous n'avez pas d'autres parents à me montrer?*" The *mot* is one of those happy thoughts in which Bisson's dialogue abounds. In the adaptation we find this episodic general, but for some reason he misses his effect. Again, the disturbing presence of a Spanish lady seems a far-fetched incident in a "*village in the West of England*," to which the adapters transplant their action, however natural it may be, is the original scene which, if I remember rightly, was Bordeaux, and generally there is a certain lack of consistency in the treatment of the story. This would seem to be explained by a letter from Mr. Brookfield, originally named as the adapter, in which he intimates that he has ceased to be responsible for the adaptation, by reason of his enforced collaboration with the "*litterati* of the Stock Exchange," whatever that may mean. Despite a few obvious shortcomings, however, the adaptation is, on the whole, cleverly done, though, in view of the great success of "*A Night Out*," with its French *personnel*, it seems a needless waste of energy to Anglicise such a story. The chief parts devolve upon Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the young couple; Mr. James Welch and Miss Carlotta, as their elders; and Mr. Sugden, Mr. Wyes, and others in incidental parts.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"FOUNDER."

SIR,—"*Foundered*," originally applied to lameness in horses, is a word not unknown in the secondhand bookmarket, where it denotes a maimed or halting copy—one which is the worse for wear and usage, and therefore unpresentable—in fact, the antithesis of a "*tall*" copy. Mr. Henley, no doubt, in his essay on Burns, uses the word in its active form in this connexion.—Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

Feb. 14.

A TAX ON PUBLISHERS.

SIR,—The grievance of publishers at being compelled to present to the privileged libraries five copies of every new book or new edition is of long standing, and the time has undoubtedly come, now that there is a rumour about a new Copyright Act, for the "*Copyright Association*" to bestir themselves.

The British Museum stands alone, and I am sure no publisher would grudge presenting that institution with a copy of all his books, provided he could obtain a certificate of copyright by so doing, the delivery of such book proving the date of publication beyond dispute, and thus doing away with

the Stationers' Hall fee and formality for entering the copyright.

I would suggest to the responsible leaders of the "Copyright Association" that they avail themselves of the valuable hints contained in Cowtan's *Memories of the British Museum*, published as far back as 1872, a chapter of which is full of interesting matter concerning the Copyright Act, and would no doubt help them to a great extent in placing this grievance of publishers before the framers of the new Act.

By the way, I might mention that the waste of weary hours which had to be spent in searching for a title at Stationers' Hall is now done away with. The officials of the Company have at last compiled an alphabetical register, so that titles can be found in a few minutes, when formerly it meant possibly a few days' search. This new book would, of course, be turned over to the British Museum and kept up to date by an entry being made of all books delivered.—Yours, &c., B. E. N.

PATHOS.

SIR,—May I venture to call attention to two lines in "King Lear" which to me never seem to lose their deep pathos? Of course, like the lines quoted in your last issue from the same play, they must be read with the whole burden of sadness borne in mind. But even apart from their context, they have a strange hold on the heart. These are the words, spoken by Kent:

"I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My Master calls me, I must not say no."

With these lines I cannot help comparing the following from that wonderful passage in Epictetus, wherein life is compared to a voyage:

"But if the Master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, and looking not behind. And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the Master should call, and thou be not ready."

The third reference is obvious.

Is there, may I ask, any reason why certain lines misquoted from "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" should have been attributed to Dr. Berdoo? And, in any case, are not these lines, also from Act II. of Browning's tragedy, far more pathetic than those given?

"I say,
Each night ere I lie down, 'I was so young—
I had no mother, and I loved him so!'
And then God seems indulgent, and I dare
Trust him my soul in sleep."

—Faithfully yours,

ERNEST E. SPEIGHT.

Temple House: Feb. 11.

[Dr. Berdoo's name, of course, appeared by an oversight; he was the sender (to the *Pall Mall Gazette*), not the author, of the lines in question.]

SIR,—In your admirable selection from those sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in January, 1894, I note that you have overlooked one of the last couplets sent in, but certainly one that, in my opinion, has the

justest claim to the title. It comes from Rudyard Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers":

"We have done with hope and honour, we are
lost to love and truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by
rung."

—Faithfully yours,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

7, Spenser Mansions.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" AT THE HAYMARKET.

At the moment of going to press we have received a letter from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, dealing with Mr. Hankin's letter, entitled "Some Remarks on Julius Cæsar," which we printed in our issue of February 5. We shall print Mr. Tree's letter next week.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, says:
"The Confession of Stephen Whapshare." By Emma Brooke.

"There are certain characteristics which appear to cling obstinately to all Miss Brooke's workmanship. She does not care for the ordinary sympathetic figures of romance; so far as she is concerned, the pleasure aroused by a well-constructed story leaves her cold. She does her best to dig deep in the soil of psychology, to delineate personages of exceptional and eccentric traits; to shock us with strong emotions, and produce her effects not so much by her knowledge of literary technique as by sudden and violent appeals to melodramatic passions. And yet through all her work runs a strong and refreshing vein of originality both in her theme and its execution which arrests our attention sometimes against our will, and excites an interest in her tale which is often somewhat grudgingly and unwillingly bestowed. If we begin to read *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare*, the chances are that we shall not lay down the book before the closing page. Whether the final result of this perusal be a feeling of satisfaction or an uncontrollable impulse of repugnance depends on the temperament of the reader."

Mr. Courtney thinks the author

"will 'go far,' doubtless, for amongst other gifts she possesses a grave and cultured style; but for the present, at all events, she has not attained the summit of her literary ambition."

The *Daily News* critic also defines Miss Brooke's *métier*:

"Miss Emma Brooke unites to a strong sense of the claims of the passionate and sensuous sides of human nature a curious strain of mysticism. Her philosophy of life makes her see man so ill-adapted to the conditions of this world 'that he must sin.' And as he is tortured with the consciousness of sin, to which he is foreordained, he is driven by an imperative necessity to strive for perfection. Evil and good seem to her so closely allied, so interdependent, that it is impossible to separate the share each plays in the forming of the spirit to noble ends. Her new book, *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare*, is the story of a man vigorous of body and soul married to a woman who is a physical and spiritual valetudinarian. How her hero stumbles into the meshes of this monstrous marriage, how long he is held captive therein, and how he violently cuts asunder the toils that bind him, is told in a manner that is not always convincing, but that

is arresting, and has in it much that is fine and subtle."

The *Scotsman* is very sarcastic on the author's gospel—

"the conspicuous feature of which is its complete divorce from common sense and healthy ways of thinking. . . . It is not worth while to try to expound the mystic gospel based on this narrative. We seem to reach the height or the depth of it in Stephen's great thought that Christ was really God, and that He came into the world to expiate not only the sins of His creatures, but His own supreme sin in making such a mess of their creation. Thus reconciliation becomes possible; the creatures forgive their Creator, who also forgives them; and so even the man who gets sick of his invalid wife and poisons her finds salvation and gets into beautiful harmony with the divine order of the universe."

THIS has been recognised as a clever story, though on different grounds by different critics. *Literature* denies the

story originality, and says sharply: "One wonders how it is that novelists will not take the advice of a good critic, who advised them to secure at all hazards the palm of originality." The *Speaker's* critic, on the other hand, says: "Deborah is strikingly original, and all the more attractive because of her originality." But the review in *Literature* is pithy, and the writer takes the book as a text for some sound criticism on the modern novel. He writes:

"In these sorry days of machine-made fiction, one is glad to find a novel which shows the smallest traces of design. The utter incapacity of modern novelists is not, perhaps, generally recognised; we make allowances, and talk of 'good dialogue' and 'bright pages' without expecting to find traces of a plan, of an artistic design deliberately worked out. To put the matter in the briefest form, we do not regard or criticise the novel as a work of art. If we find a sufficiency of amusing chatter, and if the incidents are not absolutely absurd, we close our book in a complacent humour, and say we have read a good novel."

Mrs. de la Pasture is, therefore, to be praised in that she has had an ideal before her in the writing of her book. The scheme is trite, and the execution, though skilful and competent in its way, is far from brilliant, and from the first page to the last one may search in vain for admirable or ringing phrases. Yet a certain effect has been produced, and, in spite of 'the rich red earth, luxuriant vegetation, and emerald pastures of Devonshire,' in spite of such ancient consecrated epithets, the author does contrive to give us an impression of the lonely farm upon the lonely hills, of the scent of the crimson ploughlands, and of the deep blossoming orchards. And the contrasts of the book are thoroughly realised; we feel with Deborah when she breathes the faint and musty air of the London house, remembering the brave winds of Devonshire; the country life is barely indicated, and yet, with Deborah, we long for the people on the hills, amidst the fatuities and ineptitudes of men and women who wish to be 'smart.' It is a book of considerable promise, and, if the author would study the great secret of style, she might do excellent work."

The *Daily Telegraph* says: "*Deborah of Tod's* is the not very attractive title of a really clever and interesting book." We are not sure that *Deborah of Tod's* is an unattractive title. It is distinctive, and rouses some curiosity. It also fits the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, February 17.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE AND RELIGION. By Walton W. Battershall, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY AND FACT. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. Congregational Union.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By John Addington Symonds. New editions: Parts I. and II. Smith, Elder & Co. 15s.

THE BATTLE OF SHEPHERDSTON: RELATED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES. By an F.S.A. (Scot.). Eneas Mackay (Stirling).

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND IN 1750. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Blackwood & Sons.

AULD LANG SYNE. By the Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max Müller. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST PREACHER: THE REV. RICHARD JOHNSON. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low.

THE CENTURY SCIENCE SERIES: PASTEUR. By Percy Frankland and Mrs. Percy Frankland. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY. Edited by Lady Strachey. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

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A LITERARY HISTORY OF INDIA. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. T. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FANTASTICS: A COMEDY. By Arthur W. Pinero. William Heinemann.

THE WOMEN OF HOMER. By Walter Copland Perry. William Heinemann.

SPIKENARD: A BOOK OF DEVOTIONAL LOVE-POEMS. By Laurence Housman. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By George Gissing. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE BLACK DWARF. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d.

ALAMO, AND OTHER VERSES. Anonymous. Edward McQ. Gray (Florence, New Mexico).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE KINGDOM OF THE YELLOW ROBE: BEING SKETCHES OF THE DOMESTIC AND RELIGIOUS RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE SIAMESE. By Ernest Young. Archibald Constable & Co. 15s.

STORM AND SUNSHINE IN THE DALES. By P. H. Lockwood. With a Preface by H. G. Hart. Elliot Stock. 3s.

THE ADVENTURE SERIES.

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MADAGASCAR; OR, ROBERT DRURY'S JOURNAL DURING FIFTEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY ON THAT ISLAND. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Capt. Pashfield Oliver, R.A. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO, THE PORTUGUESE. Translated by Henry Cogan. Introduction by Arminius Vambéry. Popular edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. By Edward John Trelawny. Popular edition. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE LOST PLUM CAKE: A TALE FOR TINY BOYS. By E. G. Wilcox. Macmillan & Co.

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